

THE
RECRUITING OFFICER.

A 4.
COMEDY.

WRITTEN BY

Mr. ~~9~~ FARQUHAR.

Marked with the Variations in the

MANAGER'S BOOK,

AT THE

Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane.

— CAPTIQUE DOLIS, DONISQUE COACTI.

VIR. LIB. II. ÆNEID.

L O N D O N:

Printed for W. LOWNDES, and W. NICOLL.

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☞ The Reader is desired to observe, that the passages omitted in the Representation at the Theatres are here preserved, and marked with inverted Commas ; as in Line 25 to 29, in Page 12.



P R O L O G U E.

*I*N ancient times, when Helen's fatal charms
Rous'd the contending universe to arms,
The Græcian council happily deputed
The sly Ulysses forth—to raise recruits.
The artful captain found, without delay,
Where great Achilles, a deserter lay.
Him fate had warn'd to shun the Trojan blows;
Him Greece requir'd—against the Trojan foes.
All their recruiting arts were needful here,
To raise this great, this tim'rous volunteer.
Ulysses well could talk—he stirs, he warms
The warlike youth—he listens to the charms
Of plunders, fine lac'd coats, and glitt'ring arms;
Ulysses caught the young aspiring boy,
And list'd him who wrought the fate of Troy.
Thus by recruiting was bold Hector slain:
Recruiting thus fair Helen did regain.
If for one Helen such prodigious things
Were acted, that they even list'd kings;
If for one Helen's artful, vicious charms,
Half the transported world was found in arms;
What for so many Helens may we dare,
Whose Minds, as well as faces, are so fair?
If by one Helen's eyes, old Greece could find
Its Homer fired to write, e'en Homer blind;
The Britons sure beyond compare may write,
That view so many Helens every night.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.	AT DRURY-LANE.	AT COVENT-GARDEN.
Mr. Ballance,	Mr. PACKER.	Mr. HULL.
Mr. Scale,		
Mr. Scruple,		
Mr. Worth, a gentleman of Shropshire,	Mr. WILLIAMS.	Mr. WHITFIELD.
Capt. Plume,	Mr. SMITH.	Mr. LEWIS.
Capt. Brazen,	Mr. DODD.	Mr. BONNOR.
Kite, <i>Sejunct to Plume,</i>	Mr. PALMER.	Mr. FEARON.
Bullock, a country clown,	Mr. MOODY.	Mr. EDWIN.
Costar Pear-main,	Mr. PARSONS.	Mr. QUICK.
Thomas Apple-tree,	Mr. BURTON.	Mr. JONES.
Welch Collier,		Mr. WEWITZER.
W O M E N.		
Melinda, a lady of fortune,	Mrs. WARD.	Mrs. LEWIS.
Sylvia, daughter to Ballance, in love with Plume,	Mrs. WILSON.	Miss SCRACE.
Lucy, Melinda's maid,		Mrs. WHITFIELD.
Rose, a country wench,	Mrs. BRERETON:	Mrs. CHALMERS.
Constable, Recruits, Mob, Servants, and Attendants.		
S C E N E,	S H R E W S B U R Y.	

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A C T I.

SCENE, *The Market-place.*———*Drum beats the grenadier-march.*

Enter Serjeant Kite, followed by Thomas Apple-tree, Costar Pear-main, and the mob.

Kite making a speech.

IF any gentleman soldiers, or others, have a mind to serve his majesty, and pull down the *French* king : if any prentices have severe masters, any children have undutiful parents : if any servants have too little wages, or any husband too much wife : let them repair to the noble serjeant *Kite*, at the sign of the *Raven*, in this good town of *Shrewsbury*, and they shall receive present relief and entertainment.———Gentlemen, I don't beat my drum here to insnare or inveigle any man ; for you must know, gentlemen, that I am a man of honour : besides, I don't beat up for common soldiers ; no, I list only grenadiers, grenadiers, gentlemen—Pray, gentlemen, observe this cap——This is the cap of honour, it dubs a man a gentleman in the drawing of a trigger ; and he that has the good fortune to be born six foot high, was born to be a great man—Sir, will you give me leave to try this cap upon your head ?

Cost. Is there no harm in't ? won't the cap list me ?

Kite. No, no, no more than I can—Come, let me see how it becomes you.

Cost. Are you sure there be no conjuration in it ?—no gunpowder-plot upon me ?

Kite. No, no, friend ; don't fear, man.

Cost. My mind misgives me plaguily———Let me see it——(*Going to put it on*) It smells woundily of sweat and brimstone. Smell, *Thomas*,

Tho. Ay, wauns does it.

Cest. Pray, Serjeant, what writing is this upon the face of it?

Kite. The crown, or the bed of honour.

Cest. Pray now, what may be that same bed of honour?

Kite. O! a mighty large bed! bigger by half than the great bed at *Ware*——ten thousand people may lie in it together, and never feel one another.

Cest. My wife and I would do well to lie in't, for we don't care for feeling one another——But do folk sleep found in this same bed of honour?

Kite. Sound? ay, so found that they never 'wake.

Cest. Wauns! I wish again that my wife lay there.

Kite. Say you so! then, I find, brother——

Cest. Brother! hold there, friend; I am no kindred to you that I know of yet——Look'e, Serjeant, no coaxing, no wheedling, d'ye see——If I have a mind to list, why so——If not, why 'tis not so——therefore take your cap and your brothership back again, for I am not disposed at this present writing——No coaxing, no brotthering me, faith.

Kite. I coax! I wheedle! I'm above it! Sir, I have served twenty campaigns——But, sir, you talk well, and I must own that you are a man every inch of you, a pretty young sprightly fellow——I love a fellow with a spirit; but I scorn to coax; tis base: tho' I must say, that never in my life have I seen a man better built!—how firm and strong he treads! he steps like a castle! but I scorn to wheedle any man——Come, honest lad, will you take share of a pot?

Cest. Nay, for that matter, I'll spend my penny with the best he that wears a head, that is, begging your pardon, sir, and in a fair way.

Kite. Give me your hand then; and now gentlemen, I have no more to say but this——Here's a purse of gold, and there is a tub of humming ale at my quarters——'Tis the king's money, and the king's drink.——He's a generous king, and loves his subjects

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subjects—I hope, gentlemen, you won't refuse the king's health?

All mob. No, no, no.

Kite. Huzza then! huzza for the king and the honour of *Shropshire*.

All mob. Huzza!

Kite. Beat drum. [*Exeunt shouting, drum beating a grenadier's march.*]

Enter Plume in a riding habit.

Plume. By the grenadier march, that should be my drum; and by that shout, it should beat with success—Let me see—Four o'clock—[*Looking on his watch.*] At ten yesterday morning I left *London*—A hundred and twenty miles in thirty hours is pretty smart riding, but nothing to the fatigue of recruiting.

Enter Kite.

Kite. Welcome to *Shrewsbury*, noble captain: from the banks of the *Danube* to the *Severn* side, noble captain, you're welcome.

Plume. A very elegant reception indeed, Mr. *Kite*. I find you are fairly entered into your recruiting strain:—Pray what success?

Kite. I have been here a week, and I have recruited five!

Plume. Five! pray what are they?

Kite. I have listed the strong man of *Kent*, the king of the *Gypsies*, a *Scotch* pedler, a scoundrel attorney, and a *Welsh* parson.

Plume. An attorney! wert thou mad? list a lawyer! discharge him, discharge him this minute.

Kite. Why, sir?

Plume. Because I will have nobody in my company that can write; a fellow that can write, can draw petitions—I say this minute discharge him.

Kite. And what shall I do with the parson?

Plume. Can he write?

Kite. Hum! he plays rarely upon the fiddle.

Plume. Keep him by all means—But how stands the country affected? were the people pleased with the news of my coming to town?

Kite. Sir, the mob are so pleased with your honour, and the justices and better sort of people are so delighted with me, that we shall soon do your business.——
But, sir, you have got a recruit here that you little think of.

Plume. Who?

Kite. One that you beat up for the last time you were in the country: you remember your old friend *Molly* at the Castle?

Plume. She's not with child, I hope.

Kite. 'No, no, sir'——she was brought to bed yesterday.

Plume. *Kite*, you must father the child.

Kite. And so her friends will oblige me to marry the mother.

Plume. If they should, we'll take her with us; she can wash, you know, and make a bed upon occasion.

Kite. Ay, or unmake it upon occasion. But your honour knows that I am married already.

Plume. To how many?

Kite. I can't tell readily—I have set them down here upon the back of the muster-roll. ¹[*Draws it out.*] Let me see——*Imprimis*, Mrs. *Shely Snikereyes*, she sells potatoes upon *Ormond-key*, in *Dublin*——*Peggy Guzzle*, the brandy woman, at the horse-guards, at *Whitehall*——*Dolly Waggon*, the carrier's daughter, at *Hull*——*Mademoiselle Van-bottom-flat* at the *Bus*——Then *Jenny Oakham*, the ship carpenter's widow, at *Portsmouth*; but I don't reckon upon her, for she was married at the same time to two lieutenants of marines, and a man of war's boatswain.

Plume. A full company——You have nam'd five——Come, make 'em half a dozen——*Kite*——is the child a boy or girl?

Kite. A chopping boy.

Plume. Then set the mother down in your list, and the boy in mine; enter him a grenadier by the name of *Francis Kite*, absent upon furlow—I'll allow you a man's pay for his subsistence, and now go comfort the wench in the straw.

Kite.

Kite. I shall, sir.

Plume. But hold, have you made any use of your *German* doctor's habit since you arriv'd?

Kite. Yes, yes, sir, and my fame's all about the country for the most faithful fortune-teller that ever told a lie—I was obliged to let my landlord into the secret, for the convenience of keeping it so: but he's an honest fellow, and will be faithful to any roguery that is trusted to him. This device, sir, will get you men, and me money, which, I think, is all we want at present—But yonder comes your friend *Mr. Worthy*—Has your honour any farther commands?

Plume. None at present. [*Exit Kite.*] 'Tis indeed the picture of *Worthy*, but the life's departed.

Enter Worthy.

What, arras a-crofs, *Worthy*! methinks you should hold 'em open, when a friend's so near—The man has got the vapours in his ears, I believe: I must expel this melancholy spirit.

Spleen, thou worst of fiends below,

Fly, I conjure thee, by this magic blow.

[*Slaps Worthy on the shoulder.*]

Wor. *Plume*! my dear captain, welcome. Safe and sound returned!

Plume. I 'scap'd safe from *Germany*, and sound, I hope from *London*; you see I have lost neither leg, arm, nor nose; then for my inside, 'tis neither troubled with sympathies nor antipathies; and I have an excellent stomach for roast-beef.

Wor. Thou art a happy fellow—once I was so.

Plume. What ails thee, man? no inundations nor earthquakes in *Wales*, I hope? Has your father rose from the dead, and re-assumed his estate?

Wor. No.

Plume. Then you are married surely.

Wor. No.

Plume. Then you are mad, or turning quaker.

Wor. Come, I must out with it—Your once gay,

roving friend is dwined into an obsequious, thoughtful, romantic, constant coxcomb.

Plume. And pray what is all this for?

Wor. For a woman.

Plume. Give me thy hand: if thou go to that, behold me as obsequious, as thoughtful, and as constant a coxcomb as your worship.

Wor. For whom?

Plume. For a regiment——But for a woman!—
"Death! I have been constant to fifteen at a time, but never melancholy for one, and can the love of one bring you into this condition? pray, who is this wonderful Helen?

Wor. A *Helen* indeed, not to be won under a ten years siege, as great a beauty and as great a jilt.

Plume. A jilt! pho! is she as great a whore?

Wor. No, no.

Plume. 'Tis ten thousand pities: but who is she? do I know her?

Wor. Very well.

Plume. That's impossible——I know no woman that will hold out a ten year's siege.

Wor. What think you of *Melinda*?

Plume. *Melinda*! why she began to capitulate this time twelvemonth, and offered to surrender upon honourable terms; and I advised you to propose a settlement of five hundred pounds a year to her, before I went last abroad.

Wor. I did, and she hearkened to it, desiring only one week to consider—When, beyond her hopes, the town was relieved, and I forced to turn my siege into a blockade.

Plume. Explain, explain.

Wor. My lady *Rickly*, her aunt in *Flintshire*, dies, and leaves her, at this critical time, twenty thousand pounds.

Plume. Oh the devil! what a delicate woman was there spoiled! but by the rules of war now——
Worthy, blockade was foolish——After such a convoy of provisions was entered the place, you could have no thought

thought of reducing it by famine ; you should have redoubled your attacks, taken the town by storm, or have died upon the breach.

Wor. I did make one general assault, and pushed it with all my forces ; but I was so vigorously repulsed, that despairing of ever gaining her for a mistress, I have altered my conduct, given my addresses the obsequious and distant turn, and court her now for a wife.

Plume. So as you grew obsequious, she grew haughty ; and because you approached her as a goddess, she used you like a dog.

Wor. Exactly.

Plume. 'Tis the way of 'em all.——Come, *Wor.* thy, your obsequious and distant airs will never bring you together ; you must not think to surmount her pride by your humility : would you bring her to better thoughts of you, she must be reduced to a meaner opinion of herself. Let me see, the very first thing that I would do should be to lie with her chambermaid, and hire three or four wenches in the neighbourhood to report that I had got them with child——Suppose we lampoon'd all the pretty women in town, and left her out ; or, what if we made a ball, and forgot to invite her with one or two of the ugliest.

Wor. These would be mortifications, I must confess ; but we live in such a precise, dull place, that we can have no balls, no lampoons, no——

Plume. What ! no bastards ! and so many recruiting officers in town ! I thought 'twas a maxim among them to leave as many recruits in the country as they carried out.

Wor. Nobody doubts your good will, noble captain, in serving your country with your best blood, witness our friend *Molly* at the Castle ; there have been tears in town about that business, captain.

Plume. I hope *Sylvia* has not heard of it.

Wor. O, sir, have you thought of her ? I began to fancy you had forgot poor *Sylvia*,

Plume. Your affairs had quite put mine out of my head. 'Tis true, *Sylvia* and I had once agreed to go

to bed together, could we have adjusted preliminaries; but she would have the wedding before consummation, as I was for consummation before the wedding; we could not agree. She was a pert, obstinate fool, and would lose her maidenhead her own way, so she may keep it for *Plume*.

Wor. But do you intend to marry upon no other conditions?

Plume. Your pardon, sir, I'll marry upon no condition at all——If I should, I am resolved never to bind myself to a woman for my whole life, till I know whether I shall like her company for half an hour.—Suppose I married a woman that wanted a leg——such a thing might be, unless I examined the goods before-hand——if people would but try one another's constitutions, before they engaged, it would prevent all these elopements, divorces, and the devil knows what.

Wor. Nay, for that matter, the town did not stick to say, that——

Plume. I hate country-towns for that reason——if your town has a dishonourable thought of *Sylvia*, it deserves to be burnt to the ground—I love *Sylvia*, I admire her frank, generous disposition——There's something in that girl more than woman, 'her sex is but a foil to her. The ingratitude, dissimulation, envy, pride, avarice, and vanity of her sister females, do but set off their contraries in her'—In short, were I once a general, I would marry her.

Wor. Faith you have reason—for were you but a corporal, she would marry you——But my *Melinda* conquers it with every fellow she sees——I'll lay fifty pound she makes love to you.

Plume. I'll lay you a hundred that I return it, if she does——Look'e, *Worthy*, I'll win her, and give her to you afterwards.

Wor. If you win her, you shall wear her, faith, I would not value the conquest, without the credit of the victory.

Enter

Enter Kite.

Kite. Captain, captain, a word in your ear.

Plume. You may speak out, here are none but friends.

Kite. You know, sir, that you sent me to comfort the good woman in the straw, Mrs. *Molly*——my wife, Mr. *Worthy*.

Wor. O ho! very well, I wish you joy, Mr. *Kite*.

Kite. Your worship very well may——for I have got both a wife and child in half an hour——But as I was saying—you sent me to comfort Mrs. *Molly*——my wife I mean——But what d'ye think, sir? she was better comforted before I came.

Plume. As how?

Kite. Why, sir, a footman in blue livery had brought her ten guineas to buy her baby clothes.

Plume. Who, in the name of wonder, could send them?

Kite. Nay, sir, I must whisper that——Mrs. *Sylvia*.

Plume. *Sylvia*? Generous creature!

Wor. *Sylvia*? Impossible!

Kite. Here are the guineas, sir.——I took the gold as part of my wife's portion. Nay farther, sir, she sent word the child should be taken all imaginable care of, and that she intended to stand godmother. The same footman, as I was coming to you with this news, called after me, and told me, that his lady would speak with me——I went, and upon hearing that you were come to town, she gave me half a guinea for the news: and ordered me to tell you, that justice *Ballance*, her father, who is just come out of the country, would be glad to see you.

Plume. There's a girl for you, *Worthy*——Is there any thing of woman in this? No, 'tis noble, generous, manly friendship; shew me another woman that would lose an inch of her prerogative that way, without tears, fits and reproaches. The common jealousy of her sex, which is nothing but their avarice of pleasure, she despises; and can part with the lover, tho' she dies for the
the

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the man——Come, *Worthy*—Where's the best wine?—for there I'll quarter.

Wor. *Horton* has a fresh pipe of choice *Barcelona*, which I would not let him pierce before, because I reserved the maidenhead of it for your welcome to town.

Plume. Let's away then——*Mr. Kite*, go to the lady with my humble service, and tell her, I shall only refresh a little, and wait upon her.

Wor. Hold, *Kite*—have you seen the other recruiting captain?

Kite. No, sir, I'd have you to know I don't keep such company.

Plume. Another! Who is he?

Wor. My rival, in the first place, and the most unaccountable fellow——but I'll tell you more as we go.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, *An Apartment.*

Melinda and Sylvia meeting.

Mel. Welcome to town, cousin *Sylvia*, [*salute.*] I envied your retreat in the country: for *Shrewsbury*, methinks, and all your heads of shires, are the most irregular places for living; here we have smog, noise, scandal, affectation, and pretension; in short, every thing to give the spleen—and nothing to divert it—then the air is intolerable.

Syl. O madam! I have heard the town commended for its air.

Mel. But you don't consider, *Sylvia*, how long I have lived in't! for I can assure you, that to a lady; the least nice in her constitution——no air can be good above half a year. Change of air, I take to be the most agreeable variety in life.

Syl. As you say, cousin *Melinda*, there are several sort of airs.

Mel. Pshaw! I talk only of the air we breathe, or more properly of that we taste——Have not you, *Sylvia*, found a vast difference in the taste of airs?

Syl. Pray, cousin, are not vapours a sort of air?—
taste

taste air! you might as well tell me, I might feed upon air: but pr'ythee, my dear *Melinda*, don't put on such an air to me. Your education and mine were just the same; and I remember the time when we never troubled our heads about air, but when the sharp air from the *Welch* mountains made our fingers ach in a cold morning at the boarding-school.

Mel. Our education, cousin, was the same, but our temperaments had nothing alike; you have the constitution of an horse.

Syl. So far as to be troubled with neither spleen, cholic, nor vapours; I need no salts for my stomach, no hartshorn for my head, nor wash for my complexion. I can gallop all the morning after the hunting-horn, and all the evening after a fiddle. In short, I can do every thing with my father, but drink, and shoot-flying; and I'm sure I can do every thing my mother could, were I put to the trial.

Mel. You are in a fair way of being put to it; for I am told your captain is come to town.

Syl. Ay, *Melinda*, he is come, and I'll take care he shan't go without a companion.

Mel. You are certainly mad, cousin.

Syl. ——— *And there's a pleasure sure*

In being mad, which none but madmen know.

Mel. Thou poor romantic *Quixote*! ——— Hast thou the vanity to imagine, that a young sprightly officer, that rambles o'er half the globe in half a year, can confine his thoughts to the little daughter of a country justice, in an obscure part of the world?

Syl. Pshaw! what care I for his thoughts; I should not like a man with confined thoughts; it shews a narrowness of soul. 'Constancy is but a dull, sleepy quality at best, they will hardly admit it among the manly virtues; nor do I think it deserves a place with bravery, knowledge, policy, justice, and some other qualities that are proper to that noble sex.' In short, *Melinda*, I think a petticoat a mighty simple thing, and I am heartily tired of my sex.

Mel. That is, you are tired of an appendix to our sex, that you can't so handsomely get rid of in petticoats, as
if

if you were in breeches—On my conscience, *Sylvia*, hadst thou been a man, thou hadst been the greatest rake in Christendom.

Syl. I should have endeavoured to know the world, which a man can never do thoroughly, without half a hundred friendships, and as many amours; but now I think on't, how stands your affair with Mr. *Worthy*?

Mel. He's my aversion.

Syl. Vapours!

Mel. What do you say, madam?

Syl. I say, that you should not use that honest fellow so inhumanly. He's a gentleman of parts and fortune; and besides that, he's my *Plume's* friend, and by all that's sacred, if you don't use him better, I shall expect satisfaction.

Mel. Satisfaction! you begin to fancy yourself in breeches, in good earnest—But to be plain with you, I like *Worthy* the worse for being so intimate with your captain, for I take him to be a loose, idle, unmannerly coxcomb.

Syl. O madam! you never saw him perhaps since you were mistress of twenty thousand pounds; you only knew him when you were capitulating with *Worthy* for a settlement, which perhaps might encourage him to be a little loose, and unmannerly with you.

Mel. What do you mean, madam?

Syl. My meaning needs no interpretation, madam.

Mel. Better it had, madam; for methinks you are too plain.

Syl. If you mean the plainness of my person, I think your ladyship's as plain as me to the full.

Mel. Were I sure of that, I would be glad to take up with a rakehell officer as you do.

Syl. Again! Look'e, madam, you're in your own house.

Mel. And if you had kept in yours, I should have excused you.

Syl. Don't be troubled, madam, I shan't desire to have my visit returned.

Mel. The sooner therefore you make an end of this, the better.

Syl.

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Syl. I am easily persuaded to follow my inclinations ;
and so, madam, your humble servant. [Exit.

Mel. Saucy thing !

Enter Lucy.

Luc. What's the matter, madam ?

Mel. Did you not see the proud nothing, how she
swelled upon the arrival of her fellow.

Luc. Her fellow has not been long enough arrived to
occasion any great swelling, madam ; I don't believe she
has seen him yet.

Mel. Nor shan't if I can help it——Let me see——I
have it——Bring me pen and ink——hold, I'll go write
in my closet.

Luc. An answer to this letter, I hope, madam ?

[Presents a letter.

Mel. Who sent it ?

Luc. Your captain, madam.

Mel. He's a fool, and I'm tired of him, send it back
unopened.

Luc. The messenger's gone, madam.

Mel. Then how should I send an answer ? Call him
back immediately, while I go write. [Exeunt.

A C T II.

SCENE, *An Apartment.*

Enter Justice Ballance and Plume.

Bal. LOOK 'E, captain, give us but blood for our
money, and you shan't want men. ' I remem-
' ber, that for some years of the last war, we had no
' blood, no wounds, but in the officers mouths ; nothing
' for our millions, but news-papers not worth a reading
' —Our army did nothing but play at prison-bars, and
' hide and seek with the enemy ; but now ye have
' brought us colours, and standards, and prisoners'——
Ad's my life, captain, get but another marshal of France,
and I'll go myself for a soldier——

Plume. Pray, Mr. Ballance, how does your fair daugh-
ter ?

Bal.

Bal. Ah, captain! what is my daughter to a marshal of *France*? We're upon a nobler subject; I want to have a particular description of the battle of *Minden*.

Plume. The battle, sir, was a very pretty battle as any one should desire to see, but we were all so intent upon victory, that we never minded the battle. All that I know of the matter is, our general commanded us to beat the *French*, and we did so; and if he pleases but to say the word, we'll do it again. But pray, sir, how does Miss *Sylvia*?

Bal. Still upon *Sylvia*! For shame, captain, you are engaged already, wedded to the war; victory is your mistress, and 'tis below a soldier to think of any other.

Plume. As a mistress, I confess; but as a friend, Mr. *Ballance*——

Bal. Come, come, captain, never mince the matter, would not you debauch my daughter, if you could.

Plume. How, sir! I hope she's not to be debauched.

Bal. Faith, but she is, sir; and any woman in *England* of her age and complexion, by a man of your youth and vigour. Look'e, captain, once I was young, and once an officer as you are; and I can guess at your thoughts now, by what mine were then; and I remember very well, that I would have given one of my legs to have deluded the daughter of an old country gentleman, as like me as I was then like you.

Plume. But, sir, was that country gentleman your friend and benefactor?

Bal. Not much of that.

Plume. There the comparison breaks: the favours, sir, that——

Bal. Pho, pho, I hate set speeches; if I have done you any service, captain, 'twas to please myself; I love thee, and if I could part with my girl, you should have her as soon as any young fellow I know: but I hope you have more honour than to quit the service, and she more prudence than to follow the camp; but she's at her own disposal, she has fifteen hundred pounds in her pocket, and so——*Sylvia, Sylvia.*

[Calls.
Enter

Enter Sylvia.

Syl. There are some letters, sir, come by the post from London, I left them upon the table in your closet.

Bal. And here is a gentleman from Germany. [*Presenting Plume to her.*] Captain, you'll excuse me, I'll go and read my letters, and wait on you. [*Exit.*]

Syl. Sir, you are welcome to England.

Plume. You are indebted to me a welcome, madam, since the hopes of receiving it from this fair hand, was the principal cause of my seeing England.

Syl. I have often heard, that soldiers were sincere, shall I venture to believe public report?

Plume. You may, when 'tis backed by private insurance; for I swear, madam, by the honour of my profession, that whatever dangers I went upon, it was with the hope of making myself more worthy of your esteem; and if ever I had thoughts of preserving my life, 'twas for the pleasure of dying at your feet.

Syl. Well, well, you shall die at my feet, or where you will; but you know, sir, there is a certain will and testament to be made before-hand.

Plume. My will, madam, is made already, and there it is; and if you please to open the parchment, which was drawn the evening before the battle of *Minden*, you will find whom I left my heir.

Syl. Miss *Sylvia Ballance*, [*Opens the will and reads.*] Well, captain, this is a handsome and a substantial compliment; but I can assure you, I am much better pleased with the bare knowledge of your intention, than I should have been in the possession of your legacy: but methinks, sir, you should have left something to your little boy at the Castle.

Plume. That's home, [*Aside.*] My little boy! Lack-a-day, madam, that alone may convince you 'twas none of mine; why, the girl, madam, is my serjeant's wife, and so the poor creature gave out that I was father, in hopes that my friends might support her in case of necessity.—That was all, madam—My boy! No, no, no.

Enter

THE RECRUITING OFFICER.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Madam, my master has received some ill news from *London*, and desires to speak with you immediately, and he begs the captain's pardon, that he can't wait on him as he promised.

Plume. Ill news! Heavens avert it; nothing could touch me nearer than to see that generous worthy gentleman afflicted: I'll leave you to comfort him, and be assured, that if my life and fortune can be any way serviceable to the father of my *Sylvia*, he shall freely command both.

Syl. The necessity must be very pressing, that would engage me to endanger either.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE, *Another Apartment.**Enter Ballance and Sylvia.*

Syl. While there is life, there is hope, sir: perhaps my brother may recover.

Bal. We have but little reason to expect it; the doctor acquaints me here, that before this comes to my hands, he fears I shall have no son——Poor *Owen*!——But the decree is just; I was pleased with the death of my father, because he left me an estate, and now I am punished with the loss of an heir to inherit mine; I must now look upon you as the only hope of my family, and I expect that the augmentation of your fortune will give you fresh thoughts, and new prospects.

Syl. My desire of being punctual in my obedience, requires that you would be plain in your commands, sir.

Bal. The death of your brother makes you sole heiress to my estate, which you know is about twelve hundred pounds a year: this fortune gives you a fair claim to quality, and a title; you must set a just value upon yourself, and in plain terms, think no more of *Captain Plume*.

Syl. You have often commended the gentleman, sir.

Bal.

Bal. And I do so still, he's a very pretty fellow; but though I like him well enough for a bare son-in-law, I don't approve of him for an heir to my estate and family; fifteen hundred pounds indeed I might trust in his hands, and it might do the young fellow a kindness, but—odds my life, twelve hundred pounds a year would ruin him, quite turn his brain: a captain of foot worth twelve hundred pounds a year! 'tis a prodigy in nature. ' Besides this, I have five or six thousand pounds in woods upon my estate. O! that would make him stark mad: for you must know, that all captains have a mighty aversion to timber, they can't endure to see trees standing: then I should have some rogue of a builder, by the help of his damned magic art, transform my noble oaks and elms into cornishes, portals, fashies, birds, beasts and devils, to adorn some magotty, new-fashion'd bauble upon the *Thames*; and then I should have a dog of a gardener bring a *habeas corpus* for my *terra firma*, remove it to *Chelsea*, or *Twittenham*, and clap it into grass-plats and gravel-walks.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Sir, here's one with a letter below for your worship, but he will deliver it into no hands but your own.

Bal. Come, shew me the messenger.

[Exit with Servant.]

Syl. Make the dispute between love and duty, and I am Prince *Prettyman* exactly.—If my brother dies, ah poor brother! if he lives, ah poor sister! 'Tis bad both ways; I'll try it again—Follow my own inclinations, and break my father's heart; or, obey his commands, and break my own; worse and worse. Suppose I take it thus? A moderate fortune, a pretty fellow and a pad; or a fine estate, a coach and six, and an ass—That will never do neither.

Enter Justice Ballance and a Servant.

Bal. Put four horses to the coach. *[To a servant who goes out.]* Ho, *Sylvia*.

Syl. Sir.

Bal.

Bal. How old were you when your mother died ?

Syl. So young, that I don't remember I ever had one; and you have been so careful, so indulgent to me since, that indeed I never wanted one.

Bal. Have I ever denied you any thing you asked of me ?

Syl. Never, that I remember.

Bal. Then, *Sylvia*, I must beg that once in your life you would grant me a favour.

Syl. Why should you question it, sir ?

Bal. I don't, but I would rather counsel than command; I don't propose this with the authority of a parent, but as the advice of your friend; that you would take the coach this moment, and go into the country.

Syl. Does this advice, sir, proceed from the contents of the letter you received just now ?

Bal. No matter, I will be with you in three or four days, and then give you my reasons—But before you go, I expect you will make me one solemn promise.

Syl. Propose the thing, sir.

Bal. That you will never dispose of yourself to any man, without my consent.

Syl. I promise.

Bal. Very well, and to be even with you, I promise I never will dispose of you without your own consent, and so, *Sylvia*, the coach is ready; farewell, [*Leads her to the door, and returns.*] Now she's gone, I'll examine the contents of this letter a little nearer. [*Reads.*]

SIR,

MY intimacy with Mr. Worthy has drawn a secret from him, that he had from his friend Captain Plume; and my friendship and relation to your family, oblige me to give you timely notice of it: the Captain has dishonourable designs upon my cousin *Sylvia*. Evils of this nature are more easily prevented than amended, and that you would immediately send my cousin into the country, is the advice of,

Sir, your humble servant,

MELINDA.

Why

Why the devil's in the young fellows of this age, they are ten times worse than they were in my time; had he made my daughter a whore, and forswore it like a gentleman, I could have almost pardoned it; but to tell tales before-hand is monstrous.—Hang it; I can fetch down a woodcock or a snipe, and why not a hat and feather? I have a case of good pistols, and have a good mind to try.

Enter Worthy.

Worthy! your servant.

Wor. I'm sorry, sir, to be the messenger of ill news.

Bal. I apprehend it, sir, you have heard that my son *Owen* is past recovery.

Wor. My letters say he's dead, sir.

Bal. He's happy, and I'm satisfied: the strokes of Heaven I can bear; but injuries from men, Mr. *Worthy*, are not so easily supported.

Wor. I hope, sir, you're under no apprehension of wrong from any body.

Bal. You know I ought to be.

Wor. You wrong my honour, in believing I could know any thing to your prejudice, without resenting it as much as you should.

Bal. This letter, sir, which I tear in pieces to conceal the person that sent it, informs me, that *Plume* has a design upon *Sylvia*, and that you are privy to it.

Wor. Nay then, sir, I must do myself justice, and endeavour to find out the author, (*Takes up a bit.*) Sir, I know the hand, and if you refuse to discover the contents, *Melinda* shall tell me. [*Going.*]

Bal. Hold, sir, the contents I have told you already, only with this circumstance, that her intimacy with Mr. *Worthy* had drawn the secret from him.

Wor. Her intimacy with me! Dear sir, let me pick up the pieces of this letter; 'twill give me such a hank upon her pride, to have her own an intimacy under her hand: this was the luckiest accident! [*Gathering up the letter.*] The aspersion, sir, was nothing but malice, the effect of a little quarrel between her and Miss *Sylvia*.

Bal.

THE RECRUITING OFFICER.

Bal. Are you sure of that, fir?

Wor. Her maid gave me the history of part of the battle, just now, as she over-heard it. But I hope, fir, your daughter has suffered nothing upon the account.

Bal. No, no, poor girl, she's so afflicted with the news of her brother's death, that to avoid company, she begged leave to be gone into the country.

Wor. And is she gone?

Bal. I could not refuse her, she was so pressing; the coach went from the door the minute before you came.

Wor. So pressing to be gone, fir!—I find her fortune will give her the same airs with *Melinda*, and then *Flume* and I may laugh at one another.

Bal. Like enough, women are as subject to pride as men are; and why mayn't great women as well as great men, forget their old acquaintance?—But come, where's this young fellow? I love him so well, it would break the heart of me to think him a rascal—I'm glad my daughter's gone fairly off though. [*Aside.*] Where does the captain quarter?

Wor. At *Horton's*; I am to meet him there two hours hence and we should be glad of your company.

Bal. Your pardon, dear *Worthy*, I must allow a day or two to the death of my son: the decorum of mourning is what we owe the world, because they pay it to us. Afterwards, I'm yours over a bottle, or how you will.

Wor. Sir, I'm your humble servant.

[*Exeunt severally*]

SCENE, *The Street.*

Enter Kite, with Costar Pear-main in one hand, and Thomas Apple-tree in the other, drunk.

Kite sings.

*Our prentice Tom may now refuse
To wipe his scoundrel master's shoes;
For now he's free to sing and play,
Over the hills and far away—Over, &c.*

[*The mob sings the chorus.*
We

*We shall lead more happy lives,
By getting rid of brats and wives,
That scold and brawl both night and day,
Over the hills, and far away.—Over, &c.*

Kite. Hey boys! thus we soldiers live! drink, sing, dance, play: we live, as one should say—we live—'tis impossible to tell how we live—we are all princes—Why—why, you are a king—you are an emperor, and I'm a prince—now—an't we—

Tbo. No, serjeant, I'll be no emperor.

Kite. No!

Tbo. No, I'll be a justice of peace.

Kite. A justice of peace, man!

Tbo. Ay, wains will I; for since this pressing act they are greater than any emperor under the sun.

Kite. Done: you are a justice of peace, and you are a king, and I am a duke, and a rum duke, an't I?

Coff. Ay, but I'll be no king.

Kite. What then?

Coff. I'll be a queen.

Kite. A queen!

Coff. Ay, queen of *England*, that's greater than any king of 'em all.

Kite. Bravely said, faith; huzza for the queen. [*Huzza!*] But, hark'e, you, Mr. Justice, and you, Mr. Queen, did you never see the king's picture?

Both. No, no, no.

Kite. I wonder at that; I have two of 'em set in gold, and as like his majesty, God bless the mark. See here, they are set in gold.

[*Takes two guineas out of his pocket, gives one to each.*]

Tbo. The wonderful works of nature!

[*Looking at it.*]

Coff. What's this writing about? Here's a posy, I believe, *Ca-ro-lus*—What's that, serjeant?

Kite. O! *Carolus*?—Why, *Carolus* is *Latin* for King *George*, that's all.

Coff. 'Tis a fine thing to be a scollard.—Serjeant, will you part with this? I'll buy it on you, if it come within the compass of a crown.

B

Kite.

Kite. A crown! never talk of buying; 'tis the same thing among friends, you know; I'll present them to you both: you shall give me as good a thing. Put 'em up, and remember your old friend, when I am over the hills, and far away. [*They sing and put up the money.*]

Enter Plume singing.

Plume. Over the hills, and over the main,
To Flanders, Portugal, or Spain:
The king commands, and we'll obey,
Over the hills, and far away.

Come on my men of mirth, away with it, I'll make one among ye: who are these hearty lads?

Kite. Off with your hats; 'ounds off with your hats: this is the captain, the captain.

Tho. We have seen captains afore now, mun.

Cost. Ay, and lieutenant captains too; s'flesh, I'll keep on my nab.

Tho. And I'll scarcely doff mine for any captain in England: my vether's a freeholder.

Plume. Who are these jolly lads, serjeant?

Kite. A couple of honest brave fellows that are willing to serve the king: I have entertain'd 'em just now, as volunteers, under your honour's command.

Plume. And good entertainment they shall have: volunteers are the men I want, those are the men fit to make soldiers, captains, generals.

Cost. Wounds, *Tummas*, what's this! are you listed?

Tho. Flesh! not I: are you *Costar*?

Cost. Wounds, not I.

Kite. What! not listed! ha, ha, ha! a very good jest, i'faith.

Cost. Come, *Tummas*, we'll go home.

Tho. Ay, ay, come.

Kite. Home! for shame, gentlemen, behave yourselves better before your captain: dear *Tummas*, honest *Costar*.

Tho. No, no, we'll be gone.

Kite. Nay, then I command you to stay: I place you both centinels in this place, for two hours, to watch

watch the motion of St. *Mary's* clock, you ; and you the motion of St. *Chad's* : and he that dares stir from his post, till he be relieved, shall have my sword in his guts the next minute.

Plume. What's the matter, serjeant ? I'm afraid you are too rough with these gentlemen.

Kite. I'm too mild, sir ! they disobey command, sir, and one of 'm should be shot for an example to the other.

Coff. Shot, *Tummas* ?

Plume. Come, gentlemen, what's the matter ?

Tho. We don't know ! the noble serjeant is pleas'd to be in a passion, sir——but——

Kite. They disobey command, they deny their being listed.

Tho. Nay, serjeant, we don't downright deny it neither ; that we dare not do, for fear of being shot ; but we humbly conceive, in a civil way, and begging your worship's pardon, that we may go home.

Plume. That's easily known ; have either of you received any of the king's money ?

Coff. Not a brass farthing, sir.

Kite. Sir, they hame each of them received one and twenty shillings, and 'tis now in their pockets.

Coff. Wounds, if I have a penny in my pocket but a bent six-pence, I'll be content to be listed, and shot into the bargain.

Tho. And I : look'e here, sir.

Coff. Nothing but the king's picture, that the serjeant gave me just now.

Kite. See there, a guinea, one and twenty shillings ; 'other has the fellow on't.

Plume. The case is plain, gentlemen, the goods are found upon you : those pieces of gold are worth one and twenty shillings each.

Coff. So it seems, that *Carolus* is one and twenty shillings in *Latin*.

Tho. 'Tis the same thing in *Greek*, for we are listed.

Coff. Flesh ! but we an't, *Tummas* : I desire to be carried before the mayor, captain.

[*Captain and Serjeant whisper the while.*

Plume. 'Twill never do, *Kite*—your damn'd tricks will ruin me at last—I won't lose the fellows though, if I can help it.—Well, gentlemen, there must be some trick in this; my serjeant offers to take his oath that you are fairly listed.

Tho. Why, captain, we know that you soldiers have more liberty of conscience than other folks; but for me, or neighbour *Costar* here, to take such an oath, 'twould be downright perjury.

Plume. Look'e, rascal, you villain, if I find that you have imposed upon these two honest fellows, I'll trample you to death, you dog.—Come, how was it?

Tho. Nay, then, we'll speak; your serjeant, as you say, is a rogue, an't like your worship, begging your worship's pardon—and—

Cost. Nay, *Tummas*, let me speak; you know I can read.—And so, sir, he gave us those two pieces of money for pictures of the king, by way of a present.

Plume. How! by way of a present! the son of a whore! I'll teach him to abuse honest fellows, like you! scoundrel, rogue, villain!

[Beats off the Serjeant, and follows.]

Both. O brave noble captain! huzza! a brave captain, faith.

Cost. Now, *Tummas*, *Carolus* is Latin for a beating: this is the bravest captain I ever saw——wounds I have a month's mind to go with him.

Enter *Plume*.

Plume. A dog, to abuse two such honest fellows as you——Look'e, gentlemen, I love a pretty fellow, I came among you as an officer to list soldiers, not as a kidnapper, to steal slaves.

Cost. Mind that *Tummas*.

Plume. I desire no man to go with me, but as I went myself: I went a volunteer, as you, or you, may do; for a little time carried a musket, and now I command a company.

Tho. Mind that, *Costar*: a sweet gentleman.

Plume.

Plume. 'Tis true, gentlemen, I might take an advantage of you; the king's money was in your pockets, my serjeant was ready to take his oath you were lifted; but I scorn to do a base thing, you are both of you at your liberty.

Cost. Thank you, noble captain—I cods, I can't find in my heart to leave him, he talks so finely.

Tho. Ay, *Costar*, would he always hold in this mind?

Plume. Come, my lads, one thing more I'll tell you: you're both young tight fellows, and the army is the place to make you men for ever: every man has his lot, and you have yours: what think you now of a purse of *French* gold out of a monsieur's pocket, after you have dashed out his brains with the but-end of your fire-lock? eh!

Cost. Wauns! I'll have it. Captain—give me a shilling, and I'll follow you to the end of the world.

Tho. Nay, dear *Costar*, do'na; be advis'd.

Plume. Here, my hero, here are two guineas for thee, as earnest of what I'll do farther for thee.

Tho. Do'na take it, do'na, dear *Costar*.

[*Cries, and pulls back his arm.*]

Cost. I wull—I wull—Waunds, my mind gives me that I shall be a captain myself—I take your money, sir, and now I am a gentleman.

Plume. Give me thy hand, and now you and I will travel the world o'er, and command it wherever we tread—Bring your friend with you, if you can.

[*Aside.*]

Cost. Well, *Tummas*, must we part?

Tho. No, *Costar*, I cannot leave thee—Come, captain, I'll e'en go along too; and if you have two honefter, simpler lads in your company, than we two have been; I'll say no more.

Plume. Here, my lad, [*Gives him money.*] Now your name?

Tho. *Tummas Apple-tree.*

Plume. And yours.

Cost. *Costar Pear-main.*

Plume. Well said *Costar*! Born where?

Tho. Both in Herefordshire.

Plume. Very well; courage, my lads——Now we'll sing, *Over the hills and far away.*

Courage, boys, 'tis one to ten

But we return all gentlemen;

While conquering colours we display,

Over the hills and far away.

Kite, take care of 'em.

Enter Kite.

Kite. An't you a couple of pretty fellows now! here you have complained to the captain, I am to be turned out, and one of you will be serjeant. Which of you is to have my halberd?

Both Recruits. I.

Kite. So you shall——in your guts—— 'But in the 'mean time', march you sons of whores.

[Beats them off.]

A C T III.

SCENE, *The Market-Place.*

Enter Plume and Worthy.

Wor. I Cannot forbear admiring the equality of our two fortunes: we loved two ladies, they met us half way, and just as we were upon the point of leaping into their arms, Fortune drops into their laps, pride possesses their hearts, a maggot fills their heads, madness takes 'em by the tails, they snort, kick up their heels, and away they run.

Plume. And leave us here to mourn upon the shore—A couple of poor melancholy monsters——What shall we do?

Wor. I have a trick for mine; the letter, you know, and the fortune-teller.

Plume. And I have a trick for mine.

Wor. What is it?

Plume. I'll never think of her again.

Wor.

Wor. No?

Plume. No; I think myself above administering to the pride of any woman, were she worth twelve thousand a year; and I ha'n't the vanity to believe I shall ever gain a lady worth twelve hundred——The generous good-natured *Sylvia*, in her smock, I admire; but the haughty, scornful *Sylvia*, with her fortune, I despise——What! sneak out of town, and not so much as a word, a line, a compliment——'Sdeath! how far off does she live? I'll go and break her windows.

Wor. Ha, ha, ha! ay, and the window-bars too, to come at her——Come, come, friend, no more of your rough military airs.

Enter Kite.

Kite. Captain, captain, sir! look yonder, she's a coming this way: 'Tis the prettiest, cleanest little tit!

Plume. Now *Worthy*, to shew you how much I am in love;——here she comes: But *Kite*, what is that great country fellow with her?

Kite. I can't tell, sir.

Enter Rose, followed by her brother Bullock, with chickens on her arm in a basket.

Rose. Buy chickens, young and tender chickens, young and tender chickens.

Plume. Here, you chickens!

Rose. Who calls?

Plume. Come hither, pretty maid.

Rose. Will you please to buy, sir?

Wor. Yes, child, we'll both buy.

Plume. Nay, *Worthy*, that's not fair, market for yourself——come, child, I'll buy all you have.

Rose. Then all I have is at your service. [*Courtesies.*]

Wor. Then must I shift for myself, I find. [*Exit.*]

Plume. Let me see; young and tender, you say.

[*Chucks her under the chin.*]

Rose. As ever you tasted in your life, sir.

Plume. Come, I must examine your basket to the bottom, my dear.

Rose. Nay, for what matter, put in your hand?—

feel, fir ; I warrant my ware as good as any in the market.

Plume. And I'll buy it all, child, were it ten times more.

Rose. Sir, I can furnish you.

Plume. Come then, we won't quarrel about the price, they're fine birds—Pray what is your name, pretty creature ?

Rose. *Rose*, fir : My father is a farmer within three short miles o' the town ; we keep this market : I sell chickens, eggs, and butter, and my brother *Bullock* there sells corn.

Bullock. Come, sister, haste, we shall be late hoame.

[*Whistles about the stage.*]

Plume. Kite ! [*Tips him the wink, he returns it.*]—Pretty Mrs. *Rose*—you have—let me see—how many ?

Rose. A dozen, fir, and they are richly worth a crown.

Bul. Come, *Rose*, I sold fifty strakes of barley to-day in half this time ; but you will higgie and higgie for a penny, more than the commodity is worth.

Rose. What's that to you, oaf ! I can make as much out of a groat, as you can out of four-pence, I'm sure—the gentleman bids fair ; and when I meet with a chapman, I know how to make the best of him—And so, fir, I say, for a crown piece the bargain's yours.

Plume. Here's a guinea, my dear.

Rose. I can't change your money, fir.

Plume. Indeed, indeed, but you can—my lodging is hard by, chicken, and we'll make change there.

[*Goes off, she follows him.*]

Kite. So, fir, as I was telling you, I have seen one of these *Hussars* eat up a ravelin for his breakfast, and afterwards picked his teeth with a palisado.

Bul. Ay, you soldiers see very strange things ; but pray, fir, what is a ravelin ?

Kite.

Kite. Why 'tis like a modern minced pye, but the crust is confounded hard, and the plumbs are somewhat hard of digestion.

Bul. Then your palifado, pray what may he be?—Come, *Ruose*, pray ha' done.

Kite. Your palifado is a pretty sort of bodkin, about the thickness of my leg.

Bul. That's a fib, I believe. [*Aside.*] Eh! where's *Ruose*? *Ruose*! *Ruose*! s'stess, where's *Ruose* gone?

Kite. She's gone with the captain.

Bul. The captain! Wauns, there's no pressing of women, sure?

Kite. But there is, sure.

Bul. If the captain should press *Ruose*, I should be ruined——Which way went she! O! the devil take your rabelins and palifadoes. [*Exit.*]

Kite. You shall be better acquainted with them, honest *Bullock*, or I shall miss my aim.

Enter Worthy.

Wor. Why thou art the most useful fellow in nature to your captain; admirable in your way, I find.

Kite. Yes, sir, I understand my business, I will say it.

Wor. How came you so qualified?

Kite. You must know, sir, I was born a gypsy, and bred among that crew till I was ten years old, there I learned canting and lying; I was bought from my mother *Cleopatra*, by a certain nobleman, for three guineas, who, liking my beauty, made me his page; there I learned impudence and pimping. I was turned off for wearing my Lord's linen, and drinking my Lady's ratafia, and turned bailiff's follower; there I learned bullying and swearing. I at last got into the army, and there I learned whoring and drinking——So that if your worship pleases to cast up the whole sum, *viz.* Canting, lying, impudence, pimping, bullying, swearing, whoring, drinking, and a halberd, you will find the sum total amounting to a recruiting serjeant.

Wor. And pray what induced you to turn soldier?

Kite. Hunger and ambition; the fears of starving,

and hopes of a truncheon, led me along to a gentleman with a fair tongue, and fair periwig, who loaded me with promises; but 'gad, it was the lightest load that I ever felt in my life——He promised to advance me, and indeed he did so——to a garret in the *Savoy*. I asked him why he put me in prison; he called me lying dog, and said I was in garrison; and indeed, 'tis a garrison that may hold out till doomsday before I should desire to take it again. But here comes Justice *Ballance*.

Enter Ballance and Bullock.

Bal. Here, you serjeant, where's your captain?—Here's a poor foolish fellow comes clamouring to me with a complaint, that your captain has pressed his sister; do you know any thing of this matter, *Worthy*?

Wor. Ha, ha, ha! I know his sister is gone with *Plume* to his lodging, to sell him some chickens.

Bal. Is that all? the fellow's a fool.

Bul. I know that, an't like your worship; but if your worship pleases to grant me a warrant to bring her before your worship, for fear of the worst.

Bal. Thou'rt mad, fellow, thy sister is safe enough.

Kite. I hope so too.

[Aside.]

Wor. Hast thou no more sense, fellow, than to believe that the captain can lift women.

Bul. I knew not whether they lift them, or what they do with them, but I am sure they carry as many women as men with them out of the country.

Bal. But how came you not to go along with your sister?

Bul. Lord, sir, I thought no more of her going than I do of the day I shall die; but this gentleman here not suspecting any hurt neither, I believe——you thought no harm, friend, did you?

Kite. Lack-a-day, sir, not I——only that, I believe, I shall marry her to-morrow.

[Aside.]

Bal. I begin to smell powder. Well, friend, but what did that gentleman with you?

Bul. Why, sir, he entertained me with a fine story

or

of a great sea-fight, between the *Hungarians*, I think it was, and the *Wild-Irifs*.

Kite. And so, sir, while we were in the heat of battle—the captain carried off the baggage.

Bal. Serjeant, go along with this fellow to your captain, give him my humble service, and desire him to discharge the wench, tho' he has lifted her.

Bul. Ay, and if she ben't free for that, he shall have another man in her place.

Kite. Come, honest friend, you shall go to my quarters, instead of the captain's [*Aside.*]

[*Exeunt Kite and Bullock.*]

Bal. We must get this mad captain his complement of men, and send him packing, else he'll over-run the country.

Wor. You see, sir, how little he values your daughter's disdain.

Bal. I like him the better ; I was just such another fellow at his age. ' I never set my heart upon any woman so much as to make myself uneasy at the dis-
' appointment ; but what was very surprising both to
' myself and friends, I changed on a sudden, from
' the most fickle lover, to the most constant husband
' in the world.'——But how goes your affair with *Me-
kuda* ?

Wor. Very slowly ; *Cupid* had formerly wings, but I think, in this age, he goes upon crutches ; or I fancy *Venus* had been dallying with her cripple *Vulcan* when my amour commenced, which has made it go on so lamely ; my mistress has got a captain too ; but such a captain ! as I live, yonder he comes.

Bal. Who ? that bluff fellow in the sash ! I don't know him.

Wor. But I engage he knows you, and every body at first sight ; his impudence were a prodigy, were not his ignorance proportionable : he has the most universal acquaintance of any man living, for he won't be alone, and no body will keep him company twice ; then he's a *Cæsar* among the women, *veni, vidi, vici*, that's all. If he has but talked with the maid, he
swears

swears he has lain with the mistress ; but the most surprising part of his character is his memory, which is the most prodigious, and the most trifling in the world.

Bal. ' I have met with such men, and I take this good for nothing memory to proceed from a certain contexture of the brain, which is purely adapted to impertinencies, and there they lodge secure, the owner having no thoughts of his own to disturb them. I have known a man as perfect as a chronologer, as to the day and year of most important transactions, but be altogether ignorant in the causes or consequences of any one thing of moment ;' I have known another acquire so much by travel, as to tell you the names of most places in *Europe*, with their distance of miles, leagues, or hours, as punctually as a post-boy ; but for any thing else, as ignorant as the horse that carries the mail.

Wor. This is your man, sir, add but the traveller's privilege of lying, and even that he abuses ; this is the picture, behold the life.

Enter Brazen.

Braz. Mr. *Worthy*, I am your servant, and so forth—Hark'e, my dear.

Wor. Whispering, sir, before company, is not manners, and when no body's by, 'tis foolish.

Braz. Company ! *mort de ma vie !* I beg the gentleman's pardon ; who is he ?

Wor. Ask him.

Braz. So I will. My dear, I am your servant, and so forth ;—your name, my dear ?

Bal. Very laconic, sir.

Braz. *Laconic !* a very good name truly : I have known several of the *Laconics* abroad : poor *Jack Laconic !* he was killed at the battle of *Landen*. I remember that he had a blue ribbon in his hat that very day, and after he fell, we found a piece of neat's tongue in his pocket.

Bal. Pray, sir, did the *French* attack us, or we them, at *Landen* ?

Braz.

Braz. The *French* attack us! Oons, fir, are you a Jacobite?

Bal. Why that question?

Braz. Because none but a Jacobite could think that the *French* durst attack us——No, fir, we attacked them on the——I have reason to remember the time, for I had two and twenty horses killed under me that day.

Wor. Then, fir, you must have rid mighty hard.

Bal. Or perhaps, fir, like my countrymen, you rid upon half a dozen horses at once.

Braz. What do you mean, gentlemen? I tell you they were killed, all torn to pieces by cannon-shot, except six I staked to death upon the enemies *Chevaux de frise*.

Bal. Noble captain, may I crave your name?

Braz. *Brazen*, at your service.

Bal. Oh, *Brazen*, a very good name; I have known several of the *Brazens* abroad.

Wor. Do you know one captain *Plume*, fir?

Braz. Is he any thing related to *Frank Plume* in *Northamptonshire*?——Honest *Frank*! many, many a dry bottle have we cracked hand to fist; you must have known his brother *Charles*, that was concerned in the *India Company*; he married the daughter of old *Tongue-Pad*, the Master in *Chancery*, a very pretty woman, only squinted a little; she died in child-bed of her first child; but the child survived, 'twas a daughter, but whether 'twas called *Margaret* or *Margery*, upon my soul, I can't remember. [*Looking on his watch.*] But, gentlemen, I must meet a lady, a twenty thousand pounder, presently, upon the walk by the water——*Worthy*, your servant; *Laconic*, yours!

[*Exit.*]

Bal. If you can have so mean an opinion of *Melinda*, as to be jealous of this fellow, I think she ought to give you cause to be so.

Wor. I don't think she encourages him so much for gaining herself a lover, as to set me up a rival; were there any credit to be given to his words, I should believe

Sieve *Melinda* had made him this assignation ; I must go see ; sir, you'll pardon me. [Exit.]

Bal. Ay, ay, sir, you're a man of business—But what have we got here ?

Enter Rose singing.

Rose. And I shall be a lady, a captain's lady, and ride single upon a white horse with a star, upon a velvet side-saddle ; and I shall go to *London* and see the tombs, and the lions, and the king. Sir, an please your worship, I have often seen your worship ride through our grounds a hunting, begging your worship's pardon—Pray, what may this lace be worth a yard ?

[Shewing some lace.]

Bal. Right *Mechlin*, by this light ! where did you get this lace, child ?

Rose. No matter for that, sir, I came honestly by it.

Bal. I question it much.

[Af.].

Rose. And see here, sir, a fine Turkey-shell snuff-box, and fine mangere ; see here. *[Takes snuff affectedly.]* The captain learned me how to take it with an air.

Bal. Oho ! the captain ! now the murder's out, and so the captain taught you to take it with an air ?

Rose. Yes, and give it with an air too——will your worship please to taste my snuff ?

[Offers the box affectedly.]

Bal. You are a very apt scholar, pretty maid. And pray, what did you give the captain for these fine things ?

Rose. He's to have my brother for a soldier, and two or three sweet-hearts that I have in the country, they shall all go with the captain : O he's the finest man, and the humblest withal ; would you believe it, sir, he carried me up with him to his own chamber, with as much fam-mam-mill-yararality as if I had been the best lady in the land.

Bal. Oh ! he's a mighty familiar gentleman, as can be.

Enter

Enter Plume, singing.

Plume. *But it is not so,
With those that go,
Thro' frost and snow,
Most apropos,
My maid with the milking-pail.*

[Takes hold of Rose.]

How, the justice! then I'm arraigned, condemned, and executed.

Bal. O, my noble captain!

Rose. And my noble captain too, sir.

Plume. 'Sdeath, child, are you mad?—Mr. Balance, I am so full of business about my recruits, that I have not a moment's time to—I have just now three or four people to——

Bal. Nay, captain, I must speak to you—

Rose. And so must I too, captain.

Plume. Any other time, sir—I cannot for my life, sir.

Bal. Pray, sir——

Plume. Twenty thousand things——I would—but—now, sir, pray——devil take me——I cannot—I must——

[Breaks away.]

Bal. Nay, I'll follow you.

[Exit.]

Rose. And I too.

[Exit.]

SCENE, *the Walk by the Severn side.*

Enter Melinda, and her maid Lucy.

Mel. And, pray, was it a ring, or buckle, or pendants, or knots? or in what shape was the almighty gold transformed, that has bribed you so much in his favour?

Luc. Indeed, madam, the last bribe I had from the captain, was only a small piece of *Flanders* edging for pinners.

Mel. Ay, *Flanders* lace is as constant a present from officers to their women, as something else is from their women to them. They every year bring over a cargo of lace, to cheat the king of his duty, and his subjects of their honesty.

Luc. They only barter one sort of prohibited goods for another, madam.

Mel.

Mel. Has any of 'em been bartering with you, *Mrs. Port*, that you talk so like a trader?

Luc. Madam, you talk as peevishly to me, as if it were my fault; the crime is none of mine, tho' I pretend to excuse it: 'Though he should not see you this week, can I help it? But I was saying, madam—his friend, captain *Plume*, has so taken him up these two days—

Mel. Psha! would his friend, the captain, were tied upon his back; I warrant he has never been sober since that confounded captain came to town: the devil take all officers, I say—they do the nation more harm by debauching us at home, than they do good by sending us abroad: no sooner a captain comes to town, but all the young fellows flock about him, and we can't keep a man to ourselves.'

Luc. One would imagine, madam, by your concern for *Worthy's* absence, that you should use him better when he's with you.

Mel. Who told you, pray, that I was concerned for his absence? I'm only vexed that I've had nothing said to me these two days. One may like the love, and despise the lover, I hope; as one may love the treason, and hate the traitor. O! here comes another captain, and a rogue that has the confidence to make love to me; but indeed, I don't wonder at that, when he has the assurance to fancy himself a fine gentleman.

Luc. If he should speak of the assignation, I should be ruined..

[*Aside.*]

Enter Brazen.

Braz. True to the touch, 'faith! [*Aside.*] Madam, I am your humble servant, and all that, madam? A fine river this same *Severn*——Do you love fishing, madam?

Mel. 'Tis a pretty melancholy amusement for lovers.

Braz. I'll go buy hooks and lines presently; for you must know, madam, that I have served in *Flanders* against the *French*, in *Hungary* against the *Turks*, and in *Tangier* against the *Moors*, and I was never so much in love

love before ; and split me, madam, in all the campaigns I ever made, I have not seen so fine a woman as your ladyship.

Mel. And from all the men I ever saw, I never had so fine a compliment : but you soldiers are the best bred men, that we must allow.

Braz. Some of us, madam——But there are brutes among us too, very sad brutes ; for my own part, I have always had the good luck to prove agreeable——I have had very considerable offers, madam—I might have married a *German* princess, worth fifty thousand crowns a year, but her stove disgusted me. The daughter of a *Turkish* *Bashaw* fell in love with me too, when I was prisoner among the infidels ; she offered to rob her father of his treasure, and make her escape with me : but I don't know how, my time was not come ; hanging and marriage, you know, go by destiny. Fate has reserved me for a *Shropshire* lady, worth twenty thousand pounds——Do you know any such person, madam ?

Mel. Extravagant coxcomb ! [*Aside.*] To be sure, a great many ladies of that fortune would be proud of the name of *Mrs. Brazen*.

Braz. Nay, for that matter, madam, there are women of very good quality of the name of *Brazen*.

Enter Worthy.

Mel. O ! are you there, gentleman ?——Come, captain, we'll walk this way, give me your hand.

Braz. My hand, heart's blood and guts, are at your service——*Mr. Worthy*, your servant, my dear.

[*Exit, leading Melinda.*]

Wor. Death and fire ! this is not to be borne.

Enter Plume.

Plume. No more it is, faith.

Wor. What ?

Plume. The *March* beer at the *Raven* ; I have been doubly serving the king—raising men, and raising the excise—Recruiting and elections are rare friends to the excise.

Wor. You an't drunk.

Plume.

Plume. No, no, whimsical only ; I could be mighty foolish, and fancy myself mighty witty. Reason still keeps its throne, but it nods a little, that's all.

Wor. Then you're just fit for a frolic.

Plume. As fit as close pinner for a punk in the pit.

Wor. There's your play then, recover me that vessel from that *Tangerine*.

Plume. She's well rigged, but how is she manned ?

Wor. By captain *Brazen*, that I told you of to-day ; she is called the *Melinda*, a first-rate, I can assure you ; she sheered off with him just now, on purpose to affront me ; but according to your advice, I would take no notice, because I would seem to be above a concern for her behaviour ; but have a care of a quarrel.

Plume. No, no, I never quarrel with any thing in my cups, but an oyster-wench, or a cook-maid ; and if they ben't civil, I knock 'em down. But hark'e, my friend, I'll make love, and I must make love. I tell you what, I'll make love like a platoon.

Wor. Platoon, how's that ?

Plume. I'll kneel, stoop, and stand, 'faith ; most ladies are gained by platooning.

Wor. Here they come ; I must leave you. [Exit.]

Plume. Soh ! now must I look as sober and as demure as a whore at a christening.

Enter Brazen and Melinda.

Braz. Who's that, madam ?

Mel. A brother officer of yours, I suppose, sir.

Braz. Ay———My dear ! [To Plume.]

Plume. My dear. [Run and embrace.]

Braz. My dear boy, how is't ? Your name, my dear ? if I be not mistaken, I have seen your face.

Plume. I never saw yours in my life, my dear—But there's a face well-known as the sun's, that shines on all, and is by all adored.

Braz. Have you any pretensions, sir ?

Plume. Pretensions !

Braz. That is, sir, have you ever served abroad ?

Plume. I have served at home, sir, for ages served this cruel fair—And that will serve the turn, sir.

Mel.

Mel. So between the fool and the rake, I shall bring a fine spot of work upon my hands—I see *Worthy* yonder—I could be content to be friends with him, would he come this way. [*Aside.*]

Braz. Will you fight for the lady, sir?

Plume. No, sir, but I'll have her notwithstanding.

Thou peerless princess of Salopian plains,

Envy'd by nymphs, and worship'd by the swains.

Braz. Oons, sir, not fight for her!

Plume. Pr'ythee be quiet—I shall be out—

Behold, how humbly does the Severn glide,

To greet thee princess of the Severn side.

Braz. Don't mind him, madam—If he were not so well dressed, I should take him for a poet—But I'll shew you the difference presently—Come, madam—we'll place you between us, and now the longest sword carries her. [*Draws.*]

Mel. [*Shrieking.*]

Enter Worthy.

Oh! Mr. *Worthy*, save me from these madmen.

[*Exit with Worthy.*]

Plume. Ha, ha, ha! why don't you follow, sir, and fight the bold ravisher?

Braz. No, sir, you are my man.

Plume. I don't like the wages, I won't be your man.

Braz. Then you're not worth my sword.

Plume. No! Pray what did it cost?

Braz. It cost me twenty pistoles in *France*, and my enemies thousands of lives in *Flanders*.

Plume. Then they had a dear bargain.

Enter Sylvia in Man's Apparel.

Syl. Save ye, save ye, gentlemen.

Braz. My dear, I'm yours.

Plume. Do you know the gentleman?

Braz. No, but I will presently——Your name, my dear?

Syl. *Wilful*; *Jack Wilful*, at your service.

Braz. What, the *Kentish Wilfuls*, or those of *Staffordshire*?

Syl. Both, sir, both; I'm related to all the *Wilfuls* in *Europe*, and I'm head of the family at present.

Plume.

Plume. Do you live in this country, fir?

Syl. Yes, fir, I live where I stand; I have neither home, house, nor habitations, beyond this spot of ground?

Braz. What are you, fir?

Syl. A rake.

Plume. In the army, I presume.

Syl. No, but I intend to list immediately—Look'e, gentlemen, he that bids the fairest, has me.

Braz. Sir, I'll prefer you, I'll make you a corporal this minute.

Plume. Corporal! I'll make you my companion, you shall eat with me.

Braz. You shall drink with me.

Plume. You shall lie with me, you young rogue.

Braz. You shall receive your pay, and do no duty.

Syl. Then you must make me a field officer.

Plume. Pho, pho, pho! I'll do more than all this; I'll make you a corporal, and give you a brevet for serjeant.

Braz. Can you read and write, fir?

Syl. Yes.

Braz. Then your business is done——I'll make you chaplain to the regiment.

Syl. Your promises are so equal, that I'm at a loss to chuse; there is one *Plume*, that I hear much commended, in town; pray which of you is captain *Plume*?

Plume. I am captain *Plume*.

Braz. No, no, I am captain *Plume*.

Syl. Hey-day!

Plume. Captain *Plume*! I'm your servant, my dear.

Braz. Captain *Brazen*! I am yours——the fellow dares not fight.

Enter Kite.

Kite. Sir, if you please——

[Goes to whisper Plume.]

Plume. No, no, there's your captain. Captain *Plume*, your serjeant has got so drunk, he mistakes me for you.

Braz. He's an incorrigible sot.——Here my *Hector* of *Holborn*, here's forty shillings for you.

Plume's

Plume. I forbid the banns.——Look'e, friend, you shall list with captain *Brazen*.

Syl. I will see captain *Brazen* hanged first : I will list with captain *Plume* ; I am a free-born *Englishman*, and will be a slave my own way.—Look'e, sir, will you stand by me? [*To Brazen.*]

Braz. I warrant you, my lad.

Syl. Then I will tell you, captain *Brazen* [*To Plume*] that you are an ignorant, pretending, impudent coxcomb.

Braz. Ay, ay, a sad dog.

Syl. A very sad dog ; give me the money, noble captain *Plume*.

Plume. Then you won't list with captain *Brazen*?

Syl. I won't.

Braz. Never mind him, child, I'll end the dispute presently—Hark'e, my dear.

[*Takes Plume to one side of the stage, and entertains him in dumb show.*]

Kite. Sir, he in the plain coat is captain *Plume*, I am his serjeant, and will take my oath on't.

Syl. What ! you are serjeant *Kite*.

Kite. At your service.

Syl. Then I would not take your oath for a farthing.

Kite. A very understanding youth of his age ! Pray, sir, let me look full in your face.

Syl. Well, sir, what have you to say to my face ?

Kite. The very image of my brother : two bullets of the same caliver were never so like : sure it must be *Charles, Charles*——

Syl. What d'ye mean by *Charles*?

Kite. The voice too, only a little variation in *essa ut fiat* : my dear brother, for I must call you so, if you should have the fortune to enter into the most noble society of the sword, I bespeak you for a comrade.

Syl. No, sir, I'll be the captain's comrade, if any body's.

Kite. Ambition there again ! 'Tis a noble passion for a foldier ; by that I gained this glorious halberd.—
Ambition !

Ambition! I see a commission in his face already & pray noble captain, give me leave to salute you.

[Offers to kiss her.]

Syl. What, men kiss one another?

Kite. We officers do; 'tis our way; we live together like man and wife, always either kissing or fighting:—But I see a storm coming.

Syl. Now serjeant, I shall see who is your captain, by your knocking down the other.

Kite. My captain scorns assistance, sir.

Braz. How dare you contend for any thing, and not dare to draw your sword? But you are a young fellow, and have not been much abroad; I excuse that; but pr'ythee resign the man, pr'ythee do; you are a very honest fellow.

Plume. You lie; and you are a son of a whore.

[Draws, and makes up to Brazen.]

Braz. Hold, hold, did not you refuse to fight for the lady?

[Retiring.]

Plume. I always do———But for a man I'll fight knee-deep; so you lie again. *[Plume and Brazen fight a traverse or two about the stage; Sylvia draws, who is held by Kite, who sounds to arms with his mouth; takes Sylvia in his arms, and carries her off the stage.]*

Braz. Hold, where's the man?

Plume. Gone.

Braz. Then what do we fight for? *[Puts up.]* Now let's embrace, my dear.

Plume. With all my heart, my dear. *[Putting up.]* I suppose Kite has lifted him by this time. *[Embraces.]*

Kite looks in and sings.

Braz. You are a brave fellow, I always fight with a man before I make him my friend; and if I once find he will fight, I never quarrel with him afterwards.—And now I'll tell you a secret, my dear friend, that lady we frightened out of the walk just now, I found in bed this morning——So beautiful, so inviting——I presently locked the door——But I am a man of honour——But I believe I shall marry her nevertheless——Her twenty thousand pounds, you know, will be a pretty conventency——

ency—I had an assignation with her here, but your coming spoiled my sport. Curse you, my dear, but don't do so again——

Plume. No, no, my dear, men are my business at present. [*Exeunt.*]

A C T IV.

SCENE, *The Walk continues.*

Enter Rose and Bullock, meeting.

Rose. **W**HERE have you been, you great booby? you are always out of the way in the time of preferment.

Bul. Preferment! who should prefer me?

Rose. I would prefer you! who should prefer a man but a woman? Come, throw away that great club, hold up your head, cock your hat, and look big.

Bul. Ah *Ruise, Ruise*, I fear somebody will look big sooner than folk think of: 'this genteel breeding never comes into the country without a train of followers.'—Here has been *Cartwheel* your sweetheart, what will become of him?

Rose. Look'e, I'm a great woman, and will provide for my relations:——I told the captain how finely he played upon the tabor and pipe, so he has set him down for a drum-major.

Bul. Nay, sister, why did not you keep that place for me? you know I have always loved to be a drumming, if it were but on a table, or on a quart pot.

Enter Sylvia.

Syl. Had I but a commission in my pocket, I fancy my breeches would become me as well as any ranting fellow of 'em all; for I take a bold step, a rakish toss, a smart cock, and an impudent air, to be the principal ingredients in the composition of a captain.——

What's here? *Rose!* my nurse's daughter! I'll go and practise

practise——Come, child, kiss me at once, [*Kisses Rose.*] and her brother too!——Well, honest *Dungfork*, do you know the difference between a horse and a cart, and a cart horse, eh?

Bul. I presume that your worship is a captain, by your cloaths and your courage.

Syl. Suppose I were, would you be content to list, friend?

Rose. No, no, tho' your worship be a handsome man, there be others as fine as you; my brother is engaged to captain *Plume*.

Syl. *Plume*! do you know captain *Plume*?

Rose. Yes, I do, and he knows me——He took the ribbands out of his shirt sleeves, and put 'em into my shoes——See there——I can assure you that I can do any thing with the captain.

Bul. That is, in a modest way, sir——Have a care what you say, *Rose*, don't shame your parentage.

Rose. Nay, for that matter, I am not so simple as to say that I can do any thing with the captain, but what I may do with any body else.

Syl. So!——And pray what do you expect from this captain, child?

Rose. I expect, sir!——I expect——But he ordered me to tell no body.——But suppose that he should propose to marry me?

Syl. You should have a care, my dear, men will promise any thing before-hand.

Rose. I know that, but he promised to marry me afterwards.

Bul. Wouns, *Rose*, what have you said?

Syl. Afterwards? after what?

Rose. After I had sold my chickens.——I hope there's no harm in that.

Enter Plume.

Plume. What, Mr. *Wilful*, so close with my market woman!

Syl. I'll try if he loves her. [*Aside.*] Close, sir, ay, and closer yet, sir.——Come, my pretty maid, you and I will withdraw a little.

Plume.

Plume. No, no, friend, I ha'n't done with her yet.

Syl. Nor have I begun with her; so I have as good right as you have.

Plume. Thou art a bloody impudent fellow.

Syl. Sir, I would qualify myself for the service.

Plume. Hast thou really a mind to the service?

Syl. Yes, sir; so let her go.

Rose. Pray, gentlemen, don't be so violent.

Plume. Come, leave it to the girl's own choice—Will you belong to me, or to that gentleman?

Rose. Let me consider, you're both very handsome.

Plume. Now the natural inconstancy of her sex begins to work.

Rose. Pray, sir, what will you give me?

Bul. Do'na be angry, sir, that my sister should be mercenary, for she's but young.

Syl. Give thee, child!—I'll set thee above scandal; you shall have a coach, with six before and six behind; an equipage to make vice fashionable, and put virtue out of countenance.

Plume. Pho, that's easily done; I'll do more for thee, child, I'll buy thee a furbelow-scarf, and give you a ticket to see a play.

Bul. A play? wauns, *Ruise*, take the ticket, and let's see the show.

Syl. Look'e, captain, if you won't resign, I'll go list with captain *Brazen* this minute.

Plume. Will you list with me, if I give up my title.

Syl. I will.

Plume. Take her, I'll change a woman for a man, at any time.

Rose. I have heard before, indeed, that you captains used to sell your men.

Bul. Pray, captain, do not send *Ruise* to the *Western Indies*.

Plume. Ha, ha, ha! *West-Indies*! No, no, my honest lad, give me thy hand; nor you, nor she, shall move a step farther than I do——This gentleman is one of us, and will be kind to you, Mrs. *Rose*.

Rose. But will you be so kind to me, sir, as the captain would?

Syl. I can't be altogether so kind to you, my circumstances are not so good as the captain's ; but I'll take care of you, upon my word.

Plume. Ay, ay; we'll take care of her ; she shall live like a princess, and her brother here shall be——What would you be ?

Bul. O ! fir, if you had not promised the place of drum-major——

Plume. Ay, that is promised——But what think you of barrack-master ? You are a person of understanding, and barrack-master you shall be.——But what's become of this same *Cart-wheel* you told me of, my dear ?

Rose. We'll go fetch him.——Come, brother barrack-master——We shall find you at home, noble captain ?

[*Exeunt Rose and Bullock.*]

Plume. Yes, yes ; and now, fir, here are your forty shillings.

Syl. Captain *Plume*, I despise your listless money ; if I do serve, 'tis purely for love——of that wench, I mean——For you must know, that among my other follies, I have spent the best part of my fortune in search of a maid, and could never find one hitherto ; so you may be assured I'd not sell my freedom under a less purchase than I did my estate——So before I list, I must be certified that this girl is a virgin.

Plume. Mr. *Wilful*, I can't tell how you can be certified in that point till you try ; but upon my honour, she may be a vestal, for aught that I know to the contrary.——I gained her heart indeed by some trifling presents and promises, and knowing that the best security for a woman's heart is her person, I would have made myself master of that too, had not the jealousy of my impertinent landlady interposed.

Syl. So you only want an opportunity for accomplishing your designs upon her.

Plume. Not at all ; I have already gained my ends, which were only the drawing in one or two of her followers. ' The women, you know, are loadstones ' every where ; gain the wives, and you are caressed ' by the husbands ; please the mistress, and you are va-
lued

' lued by the gallants; secure an interest with the finest
 ' women at court, and you procure the favour of the
 ' greatest men.'———So kiss the prettiest country
 wenches, and you are sure of lifting the lustiest fellows.
 ' Some people may call this artifice, but I term it stra-
 ' tagem, since it is so main a part of the service———
 ' Besides, the fatigue of recruiting is so intolerable,
 ' that unless we could make ourselves some pleasure
 ' amidst the pain, no mortal man would be able to bear
 ' it.'

Syl. Well, sir, I am satisfied as to the point in de-
 bate; but now let me beg you to lay aside your re-
 cruiting airs; put on the man of honour, and tell me
 plainly what usage I must expect when I am under your
 command?

Plume. ' You must know, in the first place, then,
 ' that I hate to have gentlemen in my company; for
 ' they are always troublesome and expensive, sometimes
 ' dangerous: and 'tis a constant maxim amongst us,
 ' that those who know the least, obey the best. Not-
 ' withstanding all this, I find something so agreeable
 ' about you, that engages me to court your company;
 ' and I can't tell how it is, but I should be uneasy to
 ' see you under the command of any body else.'———
 Your usage will chiefly depend upon your behaviour;
 only this you must expect, that if you commit a small
 fault, I will excuse it; if a great one, I'll discharge you;
 for something tells me, I shall not be able to punish
 you.

Syl. And something tells me, that if you do dis-
 charge me, 'twill be the greatest punishment you can
 inflict; for were we this moment to go upon the great-
 est dangers in your professions, they would be less ter-
 rible to me, than to stay behind you———And now
 your hand, this lifts me———And now you are my
 captain.

Plume. Your friend. [*Kisses her.*] 'Sdeath! there's
 something in this fellow that charms me.

Syl. One favour I must beg——This affair will make
 some noise, and I have some friends that would cen-
 sure my conduct, if I threw myself into the circum-

stance of a private-centinel of my own head—I must therefore take care to be imprest by the act of parliament, you shall leave that to me.

Plume. What you please as to that——Will you lodge at my quarters in the mean time? You shall have part of my bed.

Syl. O fye! lie with a common soldier! Would not you rather lie with a common woman?

Plume. No, faith, I'm not that rake that the world imagines; I have got an air of freedom, which people mistake for lewdness in me, as they mistake formality in others for religion—The world is all a cheat; only I rake mine, which is undesign'd, to be more excusable than theirs, which is hypocritical. I hurt nobody but myself, and they abuse all mankind——Will you lie with me?

Syl. No, no, captain, you forgot *Rose*; she's to be my bedfellow, you know.

Plume. I had forgot; pray be kind to her.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

Enter Melinda and Lucy.

Mel. 'Tis the greatest misfortune in nature for a woman to want a confidante: we are so weak, that we can do nothing without assistance, and then a secret racks us worse than the cholic—I am at this minute so sick of a secret, that I'm ready to faint away——Help me, *Lucy*!

Luc. Bless me, madam! what's the matter?

Mel. Vapours only, I begin to recover——If *Sylvia* were in town, I could heartily forgive her faults for the ease of discovering my own.

Luc. You're thoughtful, madam! am not I worthy to know the cause?

Mel. You are a servant, and a secret may make you saucy.

Luc. Not unless you should find fault without a cause, madam.

Mel. Cause or not cause, I must not lose the pleasure of chiding when I please; women must discharge their vapours somewhere, and before we get husbands our servants must expect to bear with 'em.

Luc.

Luc. Then, madam, you had better raise me to a degree above a servant: you know my family, and that 500*l.* would set me upon the foot of a gentlewoman, and make me worthy the confidence of any lady in the land; besides, madam, 'twill extremely encourage me in the great design I now have in hand.

Mel. I don't find that your design can be of any great advantage to you: 'twill please me, indeed, in the humour I have of being revenged on the fool for his vanity of making love to me, so I don't much care if I do promise you five hundred pounds upon my day of marriage.

Luc. This is the way, madam, to make me diligent in the vocation of a confidante, which, I think, is generally to bring people together.

Mel. O *Lucy*! I can hold my secret no longer: you must know, that hearing of the famous fortune-teller in town, I went disguised to satisfy a curiosity which has cost me dear: that fellow is certainly the devil, or one of his bosom favourites, he has told me the most surprising things of my past life.—

Luc. Things past, madam, can hardly be reckoned surprising, because we know them already. Did he tell you any thing surprising that was to come?

Mel. One thing very surprising; he said I should die a maid!

Luc. Die a maid! come into the world for nothing!—Dear madam, if you should believe him, it might come to pass; for the bare thought on't might kill one in four and twenty hours——And did you ask him any questions about me?

Mel. You! why I passed for you.

Luc. So 'tis I that am to die a maid——But the devil was a liar from the beginning, he can't make me die a maid—I have put it out of his power already.

[*Aside.*

Mel. I do but jest, I would have passed for you, and called myself *Lucy*; but he presently told me my name, my quality, my fortune, and gave me the whole his-

tory of my life.—He told me of a lover I had in this country, and described *Worthy* exactly, but in nothing so well as in his present indifference.—I fled to him for refuge here to-day, he never so much as encouraged me in my fright, but coldly told me, that he was sorry for the accident, because it might give the town cause to censure my conduct, excused his not waiting on me home, made a careless bow, and walked off: 'Ideath! I could have stabbed him or myself, 'twas the same thing—Yonder he comes—I will so use him!

Luc. Don't exasperate him, consider what the fortune-teller told you: men are scarce, and as times go, it is not impossible for a woman to die a maid.

Enter Worthy.

Mel. No matter.

Wor. I find she's warmed, I must strike while the iron is hot——You have a great deal of courage, madam, to venture into the walks where you were so lately frightened.

Mel. And you have a quantity of impudence to appear before me, that you have so lately affronted.

Wor. I had no design to affront you, nor appear before you either, madam: I left you here, because I had business in another place, and came here thinking to meet another person.

Mel. Since you find yourself disappointed, I hope you'll withdraw to another part of the walk.

Wor. The walk is broad enough for us both. [*They walk by one another, he with his hat cocked, she fretting and tearing her fan.*] Will you please to take snuff, madam? [*He offers her his box, she strikes it out of his hand; while he is gathering it up, enter Brazen, and takes her round the waist; she cuffs him.*]

Braz. What here before me, my dear!

Mel. What means this insolence?

Luc. Are you mad! Don't you see Mr. *Worthy*?

[*To Brazen.*]

Braz. No, no, I'm struck blind—*Worthy*! odso! well turned——My mistress has wit at her fingers ends.

——Madam,

—Madam, I ask your pardon, 'tis our way abroad.—
Mr. *Worthy*, you are the happy man.

Wor. I don't envy your happiness very much, if the lady can afford no other sort of favours but what she has bestowed upon you.

Mel. I am sorry the favour miscarried, for it was designed for you, Mr. *Worthy*; and be assured 'tis the last and only favour you must expect at my hands.—Captain, I ask your pardon— [Exit with Lucy.]

Braz. I grant it——You see Mr. *Worthy* 'twas only a random-shot, it might have taken off your head as well as mine; courage, my dear, 'tis the fortune of war; but the enemy has thought fit to withdraw, I think.

Wor. Withdraw! oons, sir! what's d'ye mean by withdraw?

Braz. I'll shew you.

[Exit.]

Wor. She's lost, irrecoverably lost, and *Plume's* advice has ruined me; 'sdeath! why should I, that knew her haughty spirit, be ruled by a man that's a stranger to her pride?

Enter *Plume*.

Plume. Ha, ha, ha! a battle royal: don't frown so, man, she's your own, I tell you: I saw the fury of her love in the extremity of her passion: the wildness of her anger is a certain sign that she loves you to madness—That rogue *Kite* began the battle with abundance of conduct, and will bring you off victorious, my life on't; he plays his part admirably, she's to be with him again presently.

Wor. But what could be the meaning of *Brasen's* familiarity with her?

Plume. You are no logician, if you pretend to draw consequences from the actions of fools; 'there's no arguing by the rule of reason upon a science without principles, and such is their conduct'—Whim, unaccountable whim, hurries 'em on like a man drunk with brandy before ten o'clock in the morning—But we lose our sport—*Kite* has opened above an hour ago, let's away.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE, *A Chamber; a Table with Books and Globes.*

Kite disguised in a strange habit, sitting at a Table.

Kite. [*Rising.*] By the position of the heavens, gained from my observation upon the celestial globes, I find that *Luna* was a tide-waiter, *Sol* a surveyor, *Mercury* a thief, *Venus* a whore, *Saturn* an alderman, *Jupiter* a rake, and *Mars* a serjeant of grenadiers; and this is the system of *Kite* the conjuror.

Enter Plume and Worthy.

Plume. Well, what success?

Kite. I have sent away a *shoemaker* and a *tailor* already; one's to be a captain of marines, and the other a major of dragoons—I am to manage them at night—Have you seen the lady, Mr. *Worthy*?

Wor. Ay, but it won't do—Have you shewed her her name, that I tore off from the bottom of the letter?

Kite. No, sir, I reserve that for the last stroke.

Plume. What letter?

Wor. One that I would not let you see, for fear that you should break windows in good earnest. Here, captain, put it into your pocket-book, and have it ready upon occasion. [*Knocking at the door.*]

Kite. Officers to your posts. *Tycho*, mind the door.

[*Exit Plume and Worthy. Servant opens the door.*]

Enter a Smith.

Smith. Well, master, are you the cunning man?

Kite. I am the learned *Copernicus*.

Smith. Well, master, I'm but a poor man, and I can't afford above a shilling for my fortune.

Kite. Perhaps that is more than 'tis worth.

Smith. Look'e, doctor, let me have something that's good for my shilling, or I'll have my money again.

Kite. If there be faith in the stars, you shall have your shilling forty-fold—Your hand, countryman, you're by trade a *smith*.

Smith. How the devil should you know that?

Kite. Because the devil and you are brother tradesmen—You were born under *Forceps*.

Smith.

Smith. Forceps! what's that?

Kite. One of the signs: there's *Leo*, *Sagittarius*,
Forceps, *Furnes*, *Dixmude*, *Namur*, *Brussels*, *Charlevy*,
 and so forth—Twelve of 'em—Let me see—Did you
 ever make any bombs or cannon-bullets!

Smith. Not I.

Kite. You either have or will—The stars have decreed, that you shall be—I must have more money, sir—Your fortune's great.

Smith. Faith, doctor, I have no more.

Kite. O, sir, I'll trust you, and take it out of your arrears.

Smith. Arrears! what arrears?

Kite. The five hundred pounds that's owing to you from the government.

Smith. Owing me!

Kite. Owing you, sir—Let me see your t'other hand—I beg your pardon, it will be owing to you: and the rogue of an agent will demand fifty *per cent.* for a fortnight's advance.

Smith. I'm in the clouds, doctor, all this while!

Kite. Sir, I am above 'em, among the stars—In two years, three months and two hours, you will be made captain of the forges to the grand train of artillery, and will have ten shillings a day, and two servants—"Tis the decree of the stars, and of the fixed stars, that are as immoveable as your anvil—Strike, sir, while the iron is hot—Fly, sir, be gone.

Smith. What! what would you have me do doctor?
 —I wish the stars would put me in a way for this fine place.

Kite. The stars do—let me see—ay, about an hour hence walk carelessly into the market-place, and you'll see a tall, slender gentleman, buying a pennyworth of apples, with a cane hanging upon his button—This gentleman will ask you what's o'clock—He's your man, and the maker of your fortune—Follow him, follow him—And now go home, and take leave of your wife and children; an hour hence exactly is your time.

‘ *Smith*. A tall slender gentleman, you say, with a cane ! pray, what sort of a head has the cane ?

‘ *Kite*. An amber head with a black ribband.

‘ *Smith*. And pray of what employment is the gentleman ?

‘ *Kite*. Let me see—he’s either a collector of the excise, or a plenipotentiary, or a captain of grenadiers—I can’t tell exactly which—but he’ll call you honest—your name is——

‘ *Smith*. *Thomas*.

‘ *Kite*. He’ll call you honest *Tom*.

‘ *Smith*. But how the devil should he know my name ?

‘ *Kite*. O there are several sorts of *Toms*——*Tom of Lincoln*, *Tom Tit*, *Tom Tell-Truth*, *Tom o’ Bedlam*, and *Tom Fool*——be gone——An hour hence precisely.

[*Knocking at the door*.

‘ *Smith*. You say, he’ll ask me what’s o’clock !

‘ *Kite*. Most certainly—And you’ll answer you don’t know——And be sure you look at *St. Mary’s dial*, for the sun won’t shine, and if it should, you won’t be able to tell the figures.

‘ *Smith*. I will, I will.

[*Exit*.

‘ *Plume*. Well done, conjurer, go on and prosper.

[*Behind*.

‘ *Enter a Butcher*.

‘ *Kite*. What, my old friend *Pluck*, the butcher !—I offered the furlly bull-dog five guineas this morning, and he refused it.

[*Aside*.

‘ *But*. So, Mr. Conjurer, here’s half a crown——And now you must underitand——

‘ *Kite*. Hold, friend, I know your business beforehand——

‘ *But*. You’re devilish cunning then, for I don’t well know it myself.

‘ *Kite*. I know more than you, friend——You have a foolish saying, that such a one knows no more than the man in the moon : I tell you, the man in the moon knows more than all the men under the sun ; don’t the moon see all the world ?

‘ *But*.

* *But.* All the world see the moon, I must confess.

* *Kite.* Then she must see all the world, that's certain.

* —Give me your hand—You're by trade either a
* *butcher* or a *surgeon*.

* *But.* True, I am a *butcher*.

* *Kite.* And a *surgeon* you will be, the employments
* differ only in name.—He that can cut up an ox, may
* dissect a man; and the same dexterity that cracks a mar-
* rowbone, will cut off a leg or an arm.

* *But.* What d'ye mean, doctor; what d'ye mean?

* *Kite.* Patience, patience, Mr. *Surgeon-general*; the
* stars are great bodies, and move slowly.

* *But.* But what d'ye mean by *surgeon-general*, doc-
* tor?

* *Kite.* Nay, sir, if your worship won't have pa-
* tience, I must beg the favour of your worship's ab-
* sence.

* *But.* My worship! my worship! but why my wor-
* ship?

* *Kite.* Nay then, I have done.

* *But.* Pray, doctor—

* *Kite.* Fire and fury, sir! [*Rises in a passion*] do you
* think the stars will be hurried? Do the stars owe you
* any money, sir, that you dare dun their lordships at
* this rate?—Sir, I'm porter to the stars, and I am or-
* dered to let no dun come near their doors.

* *But.* Dear doctor, I never had any dealing with the
* stars, they don't owe me a penny—But since you are
* their porter, please to accept of this half crown to drink
* their healths, and don't be angry.

* *Kite.* Let me see your hand then once more—here
* has been gold—Five guineas, my friend, in this very
* hand this morning.

* *But.* Nay, then he is the devil—Pray, doctor, were
* you born of woman? or did you come into the world
* of your own head?

* *Kite.* That's a secret—This gold was offered you by
* a proper, handsome man, called *Harwk*, or *Buzzard*,
* or—

* *But.* *Kite*, you mean.

* *Kite.*

* *Kite.* Ay, ay, *Kite.*

* *But.* As arrant a rogue as ever carried a halberd.—
* The impudent rascal would have decoyed me for a
* foldier.

* *Kite.* A foldier! a man of your substance for a foldier! your mother has a hundred pounds in hard money, lying at this minute in the hands of a mercer, not
* forty yards from this place.

* *But.* Oons! and so she has, but very few know so much.

* *Kite.* I know it, and that rogue, what's his name,
* *Kite*, knew it, and offered you five guineas to list, because he knew your poor mother would give the hundred for your discharge.

* *But.* There's a dog now——'s flesh, doctor, I'll
* give you t'other half crown, and tell me that this same
* *Kite* will be hanged.

* *Kite.* He's in as much danger as any man in the
* county of *Salop*.

* *But.* There's your fee—but you have forgot the
* surgeon-general all this while.

* *Kite.* You put the stars in a passion. [*Looks on his*
* *books.*] But now they are pacified again——Let me
* see, did you never cut off a man's leg?

* *But.* No.

* *Kite.* Recollect, pray.

* *But.* I say, no.

* *Kite.* That's strange, wonderful strange; but nothing is strange to me, such wonderful changes have
* I seen——The second or third, ay, the third campaign that you make in *Flanders*, the leg of a great
* officer will be shattered by a great shot, you will be
* there accidentally, and with your cleaver chop off the
* limb at a blow! In short, the operation will be performed with so much dexterity, that with general
* applause you will be made surgeon-general of the whole
* army.

* *But.* Nay, for the matter of cutting off a limb, I'll
* do't, I'll do't with any surgeon in *Europe*; but I have
* no thoughts of making a campaign.

* *Kite.*

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* *Kite.* You have no thoughts ! what's matter for your thoughts, the stars have decreed it, and you must go.

* *But.* The stars decree it ! Oons, fir, the justices can't prefs me.

* *Kite.* Nay, friend, 'tis none of my business, I have done ; only mind this, you'll know more an hour and half hence, that's all, farewell.

* *But.* Hold, hold, doctor. Surgeon-general ! What is the place worth, pray ?

* *Kite.* Five hundred pounds a year, besides guineas for claps.

* *But.* Five hundred pounds a year !——an hour and half hence, you say ?

* *Kite.* Prythee, friend, be quiet, don't be troublesome ; here's such a work to make a booby butcher accept of five hundred pounds a year——But if you must hear it——I'll tell you in short, you'll be standing in your stall an hour and an half hence, and a gentleman will come by with a snuff-box in his hand, and the tip of his handkerchief hanging out of his right pocket ; he'll ask you the price of a loin of veal, and at the same time stroak your great dog upon the head, and call him *Chopper*.

* *But.* Mercy on us ! *Chopper* is the dog's name.

* *Kite.* Look'e there——What I say is true——things that are to come, must come to pass——Get you home, sell off your stock, don't mind the whining and the snivelling of your mother and your sister——Women always hinder preferment——make what money you can, and follow that gentleman, his name begins with a *P*——mind that.——There will be the barber's daughter too, that you promised marriage to——she will be pulling and halling you to pieces.

* *But.* What ! know *Sally* too ? He's the devil, and he must needs go that the devil drives. [*Going.*] The tip of his handkerchief out of his left pocket ?

* *Kite.* No, no, his right pocket ; if it be the left, 'tis none of the man.

* *But.*

Bur. Well, well, I'll mind him.

[*Exit.*]

Plume. The right pocket, you say ?

[*Behind with his pocket-book.*]

Kite. I hear the rustling of silks. [*Knocking.*] Fly, fir, 'tis madam *Melinda*.'

Enter Melinda and Lucy.

Kite. *Tycho*, chairs for the ladies.

Mel. Don't trouble yourself, we shan't stay, doctor.

Kite. Your ladyship is to stay much longer than you imagine.

Mel. For what ?

Kite. For a husband——For your part, madam, you won't stay for a husband. [*To Lucy.*]

Luc. Pray, doctor, do you converse with the stars, or the devil ?

Kite. With both ; when I have the destinies of men in search, I consult the stars ; when the affairs of women come under my hands, I advise with my other friend.

Mel. And have you raised the devil upon my account ?

Kite. Yes, madam, and he's now under the table.

Luc. O heavens protect us ! Dear madam, let's be gone.

Kite. If you be afraid of him, why do you come to consult him ?

Mel. Don't fear, fool ; do you think, fir, that because I am a woman, I'm to be fooled out of my reason, or frightened out of my senses ? Come, shew me this devil.

Kite. He's a little busy at present ; but when he has done, he shall wait on you.

Mel. What is he doing ?

Kite. Writing your name in his pocket-book.

Mel. Ha, ha ! my name ! Pray what have you or he to do with my name ?

Kite. Look'e, fair lady——the devil is a very modest person ; he seeks nobody, unless they seek him first : he's chained up like a mastiff, and can't stir, unless he be let loose——You came to me to have your fortune

fortune told—Do you think, madam, that I can answer you of my own head? No, madam, the affairs of women are so irregular, that nothing less than the devil can give any account of them. Now to convince you of your incredulity, I'll shew you a trial of my skill—Here, you *cacadero del plomo*—exert your power, draw me this lady's name, the word *Melinda*, in proper letters and characters of her own hand writing—do it at three motions—one—two—three—'tis done—Now, madam, will you please to send your maid to fetch it?

Luc. I fetch it! the devil fetch me if I do.

Mel. My name in my own hand-writing! that would be convincing indeed.

Kite. Seeing's believing. [*Goes to the table, lifts up the carpet.*] Here, *Tre, Tre*, poor *Tre*, give up the bone, sirrah. There's your name upon that square piece of paper, behold—

Mel. 'Tis wonderful, my very letters to a tittle.

Luc. 'Tis like your hand, madam, but not so like your hand neither; and now I look nearer, 'tis not like your hand at all.

Kite. Here's a chamber-maid now will out-lie the devil!

Luc. Look'e, madam, they shan't impose upon us; people can't remember their hands, no more than they can their faces—Come, madam, let us be certain, write your name upon this paper, then we'll compare them. [*Takes out a paper, and folds it.*]

Kite. Any thing for your satisfaction, madam—here's pen and ink.

[*Melinda writes, Lucy holds the paper.*]

Luc. Let me see it, madam: 'tis the same—the very same—But I'll secure one copy for my own affairs. [*Aside.*]

Mel. This is demonstration.

Kite. 'Tis so, madam—The word demonstration comes from *Dæmon*, the father of lies.

Mel. Well, doctor, I'm convinced; and now, pray, what account can you give of my future fortune?

Kite.

Kite. Before the sun has made one course round this earthly globe, your fortune will be fixed for happiness or misery.

Mel. What! so near the crisis of my fate!

Kite. Let me see—— About the hour of ten to-morrow morning, you will be saluted by a gentleman, who will come to take his leave of you, being designed for travel; his intention of going abroad is sudden, and the occasion a woman. Your fortune and his are like the bullet and the barrel, one runs plump into the other.—— In short, if the gentleman travels, he will die abroad; and if he does, you will die before he comes home.

Mel. What sort of man is he?

Kite. Madam, he's a fine gentleman, and a lover; that is, a man of very good sense, and a very great fool.

Mel. How is that possible, doctor?

Kite. Because, madam—— because it is so—— A woman's reason is the best for a man's being a fool.

Mel. Ten o'clock, you say?

Kite. Ten——about the hour of tea-drinking throughout the kingdom.

Mel. Here, doctor. [*Gives money.*] *Lucy*, have you any questions to ask?

Luc. O, madam! a thousand.

Kite. I must beg your patience till another time; for I expect more company this minute: besides, I must discharge the gentleman under the table.

Luc. O pray, sir, discharge us first!

Kite. *Tycher*, wait on the ladies down stairs.

[*Exeunt Melinda and Lucy.*]

Enter Worthy and Plume.

Kite. Mr. *Worthy*, you were pleased to wish me joy to-day, I hope to be able to return the compliment to-morrow.

Wor. I'll make it the best compliment to you that ever I made in my life, if you do; but I must be a traveller, you say?

Kite.

Kite. No farther than the chops of the channel, I presume, sir.

Plume. That we have concerted already. [*Knocking hard.*] Hey-day ! you don't profess midwifery, doctor ?

Kite. Away to your ambuscade.

[*Exeunt Plume and Worthy.*]

Enter Brazen.

Braz. Your servant, servant, my dear.

Kite. Stand off, I have my familiar already.

Braz. Are you bewitched, my dear ?

Kite. Yes, my dear : but mine is a peaceable spirit, and hates gunpowder. Thus I fortify myself ; [*Draws a circle round him.*] and now, captain, have a care how you force my lines.

Braz. Lines ! what dost talk of lines ? You have something like a fishing-rod there, indeed ; but I come to be acquainted with you, man.——What's your name, my dear ?

Kite. *Conundrum.*

Braz. *Conundrum !* Rat me, I knew a famous doctor in London of your name——Where were you born ?

Kite. I was born in *Algebra.*

Braz. *Algebra !* 'Tis no country in *Christendom*, I'm sure, unless it be some place in the Highlands in *Scotland.*

Kite. Right——I told you I was bewitched.

Braz. So am I, my dear ; I am going to be married——I have had two letters from a lady of fortune that loves me to madness, fits, cholic, spleen and vapours——shall I marry her in four-and-twenty hours ? ay, or no ?

Kite. Certainly.

Braz. 'Gadso, ay, ' I shall !'

Kite. ' Certainly : Ay,' or no. But I must have the year and the day of the month when these letters were dated.

Braz. Why, you old bitch, did you ever hear of love-letters dated with the year and day of the month ? Do you think billet-doux are like bank-bills ?

Kite.

Kite. They are not so good, my dear—but if they bear no date, I must examine the contents.

Braz. Contents! that you shall, old boy, here they be both.

Kite. Only the last you received, if you please.—
[*Takes the letter.*] Now, sir, if you please to let me consult my books for a minute, I'll send this letter inclosed to you with the determination of the stars upon it to your lodgings.

Braz. With all my heart—I must give him—
[*Puts his hands in his pockets.*] *Algebra!* I fancy, doctor, 'tis hard to calculate the place of your nativity—Here:—[*Gives him money.*] And if I succeed, I'll build a watch tower on the top of the highest mountain in *Wales*, for the study of astrology, and the benefit of the *Comundrams*. [Exit.]

Enter Plume and Worthy.

Wor. O doctor! That letter's worth a million, let me see it; and now I have it, I'm afraid to open it.

Plume. Pho! let me see it; [*opening the letter.*] If she be a jilt—Damn her, she is one—There's her name at the bottom on't.

Wor. How! Then I'll travel in good earnest—By all my hopes, 'tis *Lucy's* hand.

Plume. *Lucy's!*

Wor. Certainly—'tis no more like *Melinda's* character than black is to white.

Plume. Then 'tis certainly *Lucy's* contrivance, to draw in *Brazen* for a husband—But are you sure 'tis not *Melinda's* hand?

Wor. You shall see; where's the bit of paper I gave you just now that the Devil writ *Melinda* upon?

Kite. Here, sir.

Plume. 'Tis plain they're not the same; and is this the malicious name that was subscribed to the letter, which made Mr. *Ballance* send his daughter into the country?

Wor. The very same, the other fragments I shewed you just now, I once intended it for another use, but I think I have turned it now to a better advantage.

Plume.

Plume. But 'twas barbarous to conceal this so long, and to continue me so many hours in the pernicious heresy of believing that angelic creature could change:—
Poor Sylvia!

Wor. Rich Sylvia, you mean, and poor captain, ha, ha, ha!——Come, come, friend, *Melinda* is true, and shall be mine; *Sylvia* is constant, and may be yours.

Plume. No, she's above my hopes——But for her sake I'll recant my opinion of her sex.

*By some the sex is blam'd without design,
 Light harmless censure, such as yours and mine;
 Sallies of wit, and vapours of our wine.
 Others the justice of the sex condemn,
 And, wanting merit to create esteem,
 Would hide their own defects by censuring them.
 But they, secure in their all-conquering charms,
 Laugh at the vain efforts of false alarms;
 He magnifies their conquests who complains,
 For none would struggle were they not in chains.*

[Exeunt.]

A C T V.

SCENE, *Justice Ballance's House.*

Enter Ballance and Scale.

Scale. I Say, 'tis not to be borne, Mr. *Ballance*.

Bal. Look'e, Mr. *Scale*, for my own part, I shall be very tender in what regards the officers of the army; ' they expose their lives to so many dangers for ' us abroad, that we may give them some grains of al-
 ' lowance at home.

Scale. Allowance! This poor girl's father is my ' tenant; and if I mistake not, her mother nursed a ' child for you——Shall they debauch our daughters to ' our faces?

Bal. Consider, Mr. *Scale*, that were it not for ' the bravery of these officers, we should have French
 ' dra-

* dragoons among us, that would leave us neither li-
 * berty, property, wives, nor daughters——Come,
 * Mr. *Scale*, the gentlemen are vigorous and warm,
 * and may they continue so; the same heat that fires
 * them up to love, spurs them on to battle. You never
 * knew a great general in your life, that did not love
 * a whore. 'This' I only speak in reference to cap-
 * tain *Plume*——for the other spark I know nothing
 of.

Scale. Nor can I hear of any body that does—O, here they come.

Enter Sylvia, Bullock, Rose, Prisoners; Constable and Mob.

Const. May it please your worships, we took them in the very act, *re infecta*, fir——The gentleman, indeed, behaved himself like a gentleman; for he drew his sword and swore, and afterwards laid it down, and said nothing.

Bal. Give the gentleman his sword again——Wait you without. [*Exeunt constable and mob.*] I'm sorry, fir, [*To Sylvia.*] to know a gentleman upon such terms, that the occasion of our meeting should prevent the satisfaction of an acquaintance.

Syl. Sir, you need make no apology for your warrant, no more than I shall do for my behaviour.——My innocence is upon an equal foot with your authority.

Scale. Innocence! Have not you seduced that young maid?

Syl. No, Mr. *Gorsceap*, she seduced me.

Bul. So she did, I'll swear——for she proposed marriage first.

Bal. What, then are you married, child?

[*To Rose.*

Rose. Yes, fir, to my sorrow.

Bal. Who was witness?

Bul. That was I—I danced, threw the stocking, and spoke jokes by their bed-side, I'm sure.

Bal. Who was the minister?

Bul. Minister! We are soldiers, and want no minister—

— They were married by the articles of war.

Bal. Hold thy prating, fool—Your appearance, fir, promises some understanding ; pray what does this fellow mean ?

Syl. He means marriage, I think—but that you know is so odd a thing, that hardly any two people under the sun agree in the ceremony ; some make it a sacrament, others a convenience, and others make it a jest ; but among soldiers 'tis most sacred—Our sword, you know, is our honour, that we lay down—The hero jumps over it first, and the amazon after—Leap, rogue ; follow, whore—The drum beats a ruff, and so to bed ; that's all ; the ceremony is concise.

Bal. And the prettiest ceremony, so full of pastime and prodigality—

Bal. What ! are you a soldier ?

Bal. Ay, that I am—Will your worship lend me your cane, and I'll shew you how I can exercise.

Bal. Take it. [*Strikes him over the head.*] Pray, fir, what commission may you bear ? [*To Sylvia.*]

Syl. I am called captain, fir, by all the coffee-men, drawers, whores, and groom-porters in London ; for I wear a red coat, a sword, a hat *bien trouffée*, 'a martial twist in my cravat, a fierce knot in my perriwig, a cane upon my button, piquet in my head, and dice in my pocket.

Scale. Your name, pray, fir ?

Syl. Captain *Pinch* : I cock my hat with a pinch ; take snuff with a pinch, pay my whores with a pinch ; in short, I can do any thing at a pinch, but fight and fill my belly.

Bal. And pray, fir, what brought you into *Shropshire* ?

Syl. A pinch, fir ; I knew you country gentlemen want wit, and you know that we town gentlemen want money, and so—

Bal. I understand you, fir—Here, constable—

Enter Constable.

Take this gentleman into custody till farther orders.

Rose. Pray, your worship, don't be uncivil to him, for he did me no hurt; he's the most harmless man in the world, for all he talks so.

Scale. Come, come, child, I'll take care of you.

Syl. What, gentlemen, rob me of my freedom and my wife at once! 'Tis the first time they ever went together.

Bal. Hark'e, constable.

[Whispers him.]

Const. It shall be done, sir——Come along, sir.

[Exeunt Constable, Bullock, and Sylvia.]

Bal. Come, Mr. *Scale*, we'll manage the spark presently. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE, *Melinda's Apartment.*

Enter Melinda and Worthy.

Mel. So far the prediction is right, 'tis ten exactly.—
[Aside.] And pray, sir, how long have you been in this travelling humour?

Wor. 'Tis natural, madam, for us to avoid what disturbs our quiet.

Mel. Rather, the love of change, which is more natural, may be the occasion of it.

Wor. To be sure, madam, there must be charms in variety, else neither you nor I should be so fond of it.

Mel. You mistake, Mr. *Worthy*, I am not so fond of variety as to travel for it, nor do I think it prudence in you to run yourself into a certain expence and danger, in hopes of precarious pleasure, 'which
'at best never answers expectation; as 'tis evident
'from the example of most travellers, that long more
'to return to their own country, than they did to go
'abroad.'

Wor. What pleasure I may receive abroad is indeed uncertain; but this I am sure of, I shall meet with less cruelty among the most barbarous of nations, than I have found at home.

Mel. Come, sir, you and I have been jangling a
great

great while; I fancy if we made up our accounts, we should the sooner come to an agreement.

Wor. Sure, madam, you won't dispute your being in my debt—My fears, sighs, vows, promises, assiduities, anxieties, jealousies, have run on for a whole year without any payment.

Mel. A year! O Mr. *Worthy*! What you owe to me is not to be paid under a seven years servitude: how did you use me the year before? when taking the advantage of my innocence and necessity, you would have made me your mistress, that is, your slave.—Remember the wicked insinuations, artful baits, deceitful arguments, cunning pretences; then your impudent behaviour, loose expressions, familiar letters, rude visits; remember those, those, Mr. *Worthy*.

Wor. I do remember, and am sorry I made no better use of them. [*Aside.*] But you may remember, madam, that—

Mel. Sir, I'll remember nothing—'Tis your interest that I should forget: you have been barbarous to me, I have been cruel to you; put that and that together, and let one balance the other—Now if you will begin upon a new score, lay aside your adventuring airs, and behave yourself handsomely till Lent be over, here's my hand, I'll use you as a gentleman should be.

Wor. And if I don't use you as a gentlewoman should be, may this be my poison. [*Kissing her hand.*]

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Madam, the coach is at the door.

Mel. I am going to Mr. *Ballance's* country-house to see my cousin *Sylvia*: I have done her an injury, and can't be easy till I have asked her pardon.

Wor. I dare not hope for the honour of waiting on you.

Mel. My coach is full; but if you'll be so gallant as to mount your own horse and follow us, we shall be glad to be overtaken; and if you bring Captain *Plume* with you, we shan't have the worse reception.

Wor. I'll endeavour it.

[*Exit, leading Melinda.*]

SCENE,

THE RECRUITING OFFICER.

SCENE, *The Market-place.*

Enter Plume and Kite.

Plume. A baker, a tailor, a smith, butcher, carpenters, and journeymen shoemakers, in all thirty-nine—I believe the first colony planted in *Virginia* had not more trades in their company than I have in mine.

Kite. The butcher, sir, will have his hands full; for we have two sheep-stealers among us—I hear of a fellow too committed just now for stealing of horses.

Plume. We'll dispose of him among the dragoons.
—Have we never a poulterer among us?

Kite. Yes, sir, the king of the gippies is a very good one, he has an excellent hand at a goose or a turkey—Here's Captain *Brazen*, sir; I must go look after the men, [Exit.]

Enter Brazen, reading a letter.

Braz. Um, um, um, the canonical hour—Um, um, very well—My dear *Plume*! Give me a buff.

Plume. Half a score, if you will, my dear: what hast got in thy hand, child?

Braz. 'Tis a project for laying out a thousand pound.

Plume. Were it not requisite to project how to get it in?

Braz. You can't imagine, my dear, that I want twenty thousand pounds; I have spent twenty times as much in the service.——Now, my dear, pray advise me, my head runs much upon architecture, shall I build a privateer, or a play-house?

Plume. An odd question!—a privateer or a play-house! 'twill require some consideration—Faith, I'm for a privateer.

Braz. I'm not of your opinion, my dear—for is the first place a privateer may be ill built.

Plume. And so may a play-house.

Braz. But a privateer may be ill-manned.

Plume. And so may a play-house.

Braz. But a privateer may run upon the shallows.

Plume.

* *Plume.* Not so often as a play-house.

* *Braz.* But you know a privateer may spring a leak.

* *Plume.* And I know a play-house may spring a great many.

* *Braz.* But suppose the privateer come home with a rich booty, we should never agree about our shares.

* *Plume.* 'Tis just so in a play-house—so, by my advice, you shall fix upon a privateer.

* *Braz.* Agreed—But if this twenty thousand pound should not be in specie——

Plume. What twenty thousand?

Braz. Hark'e.

[*Whispers.*

Plume. Married!

Braz. Presently, we're to meet about half a mile out of town at the water-side—and so forth—[*Reads.*] For fear I should be known by any of Worthy's friends, you must give me leave to wear my mask till after the ceremony, which will make me for ever yours——Look'e there, my dog. [*Shows the bottom of the letter to Plume.*

Plume. Melinda! And by this light, her own hand! Once more, if you please, my dear—Her hand exactly!—Just now, you say?

Braz. This minute I must be gone.

Plume. Have a little patience, and I'll go with you.

Braz. No, no, I see a gentleman coming this way, that may be inquisitive; 'tis Worthy, do you know him?

Plume. By sight only.

Braz. Have a care, the very eyes discover secrets.

[*Exit.*

Enter Worthy.

Wor. To boot and saddle, captain; you must mount.

Plume. Whip and spur, Worthy, or you won't mount.

Wor. But I shall: Melinda and I are agreed; she's gone to visit Sylvia, we are to mount and fellow;

D

and

and could we carry a parson with us, who knows what might be done for us both?

Plume. Don't trouble your head, *Melinda* has secured a parson already.

Wor. Already! do you know more than I?

Plume. Yes, I saw it under her hand——*Brazen* and she are to meet half a mile hence at the water side, there to take boat, I suppose to be ferried over to the *Elysian Fields*, if there be any such thing in matrimony.

Wor. I parted with *Melinda* just now; she assured me she hated *Brazen*, and that she resolved to discard *Lucy* for daring to write letters to him in her name.

Plume. Nay, nay, there's nothing of *Lucy* in this—I tell you, I saw *Melinda's* hand as surely as this is mine.

Wor. But I tell you she's gone this minute to *Ballance's* country-house.

Plume. But I tell you, she's gone this minute to the water side.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam *Melinda* has sent word, that you need not trouble yourself to follow her, because her journey to Justice *Ballance's* is put off, and she's gone to take the air another way. [To Worthy.

Wor. How! her journey put off!

Plume. That is, her journey was put off to you.

Wor. 'Tis plain, plain——But how? where? when is she to meet *Brazen*?

Plume. Just now, I tell you, half a mile hence, at the water side.

Wor. Up or down the water?

Plume. That I don't know.

Wor. I'm glad my horses are ready——*Jack*, get 'em out. [Exit Servant.

Plume. Shall I go with you?

Wor. Not an inch——I shall return presently. [Exit.

Plume. You'll find me at the hall; the justices are sitting by this time, and I must attend them.

SCENE,

SCENE, *A Court of Justice: Ballance, Scale, and Scruple upon the Bench: Constable, Kite, Mob.*

Kite and Constable advance forward.

Kite. Pray, who are those honourable gentlemen upon the bench?

Const. He in the middle is Justice *Ballance*, he on the right is Justice *Scale*, and he on the left is Justice *Scruple*, and I am Mr. *Constable*; four very honest gentlemen.

Kite. O dear sir! I am your most obedient servant: [*Saluting the Constable.*] I fancy, sir, that your employment and mine are much the same; for my business is to keep people in order, and if they disobey, to knock 'em down; and then we are both staff-officers.

Const. Nay, I'm a Serjeant myself—of the militia.—Come, brother, you shall see me exercise: suppose this a musket: now I am shoulder'd.

[*Puts his staff on his right shoulder.*]

Kite. Ay, you are shoulder'd pretty well for a constable's staff; but for a musket, you must put it on the other shoulder, my dear.

Const. Adso! that's true—come, now give the word of command.

Kite. Silence.

Const. Ay, ay, so we will—we will be silent.

Kite. Silence, you dog, silence!

[*Strikes him over the head with his halberd.*]

Const. That's the way to silence a man with a witness—What d'ye mean, friend?

Kite. Only to exercise you, sir.

Const. Your exercise differs so much from ours, that we shall ne'er agree about it; if my own captain had given me such a rap,* I had taken the law of him.

Enter Plume.

Bdl. Captain, you're welcome.

Plume. Gentlemen, I thank you.

Ser. Come, honest captain, sit by me. [*Plume ascends and sits upon the bench.*] Now produce your prisoners—here, that fellow there—set him up.

—Mr. *Constable*, what have you to say against this man?

Const. I have nothing to say against him, an please you.

Bal. No! what made you bring him hither?

Const. I don't know an please your worship.

Scale. Did not the contents of your warrant direct you what sort of men to take up?

Const. I can't tell, an please ye; I can't read.

Scru. A very pretty constable truly—I find we have no business here.

Kite. May it please the worshipful bench, I desire to be heard in this case, as being counsel for the king.

Bal. Come, serjeant, you shall be heard, since no body else will speak; we won't come here for nothing.

Kite. This man is but one man, the country may spare him, and the army wants him; besides he's cut out by nature for a grenadier; he's five foot ten inches high; he shall box, wrestle, or dance the *Cheshire* round with any man in the county; he gets drunk every sabbath-day, and he beats his wife.

Wife. You lie, firrah, you lie; an please your worship, he's the best natured pains-taking man in the parish, witness my five poor children.

Scru. A wife! and five children! You constable, you rogue, how durst you impress a man that has a wife and five children?

Scale. Discharge him, discharge him.

Bal. Hold, gentlemen—Hark'e, friend, how do you maintain your wife and five children?

Plume. They live upon wild-fowl and venison, sir; the husband keeps a gun, and kills all the hares and partridges within five miles round.

Bal. A gun! nay, if he be so good at gunning, he shall have enough on't.—He may be of use against the *French*, for he shoots flying to be sure.

Scru. But his wife and children, Mr. *Ballance*!

Wife.

Wife. Ay, ay, that's the reason you would send him away, you know I have a child every year, and you are afraid they should come upon the parish at last.

Plume. Look'e there, gentlemen, the honest woman has spoke it at once, the parish had better maintain five children this year, than six or seven the next. That fellow, upon this high feeding, may get you two or three beggars at a birth.

Wife. Look'e, Mr. Captain, the parish shall get nothing by sending him away, for I won't lose my teeming-time, if there be a man left in the parish.

Bal. Send that woman to the house of correction—and the man——

Kite. I'll take care of him, if you please.

[*Takes him down.*]

Scale. Here, you constable, the next.—Set up that black-fac'd fellow, he has a gun-powder look; what can you say against this man, constable?

Const. Nothing, but that he is a very honest man.

Plume. Pray, gentlemen, let me have one honest man in my company, for the novelty's sake.

Bal. What are you, friend?

Mob. A collier, I work in the coal-pits.

Scru. Look'e, gentlemen, this fellow has a trade, and the act of parliament here expresses, that we are to impress no man that has any visible means of a livelihood.

Kite. May it please your worships, this man has no visible means of a livelihood, for he works under ground.

Plume. Well said, *Kite*; besides the army wants miners.

Bal. Right, and had we an order of government for it, we could raise you in this and the neighbouring county of *Stafford*, five hundred colliers that would run you under ground like moles, and do more service in a siege than all the miners in the army.

Scru. Well, friend, what have you to say for yourself?

Mob. I'm married.

Kite. Lack-a-day, so am I.

Mob. Here's my wife, poor woman.

Bal. Are you married, good woman?

Wom. I'm married in conscience.

Kite. May it please your worship, she's with child in conscience.

Scale. Who married you, mistress?

Wom. My husband——we agreed that I should call him husband, to avoid passing for a whore; and that he should call me wife, to shun going for a soldier,

Scru. A very pretty couple! pray, captain, will you take 'em both?

Plume. What say you, Mr. Kite, will you take care of the woman?

Kite. Yes, sir; she shall go with us to the sea-side, and there, if she has a mind to drown herself, we'll take care that nobody shall hinder her.

Bal. Here, constable, bring in my man. [*Exit Constable.*] Now, captain, I'll fit you with a man, such as you never lifted in your life. [*Enter Constable and Sylvia.*] O! my friend *Pinch*, I'm very glad to see you.

Syl. Well, sir, and what then?

Scale. What then! is that your respect for the bench?

Syl. Sir, I don't care a farthing for you nor your bench neither.

Scru. Look'e, gentlemen, that's enough, he's a very impudent fellow, and fit for a soldier.

Scale. A notorious rogue, I say, and very fit for a soldier.

Const. A whore-master, I say, and therefore fit to go.

Bal. What think you, captain?

Plume. I think he's a very pretty fellow, and therefore fit to serve.

Syl. Me for a soldier! send your own lazy, lubberly sons at home; fellows that hazard their necks every day

day in the pursuit of a fox, yet dare not peep abroad to look an enemy in the face.

Const. May it please your worships, I have a woman at the door to swear a rape against this rogue.

Syl. Is it your wife or daughter, booby? I ravish'd 'em both yesterday.

Bal. Pray, captain, read the articles of war, we'll see him list'd immediately.

Plume. [*Reads.*] Articles of war against mutiny and desertion, &c.

Syl. Hold, fir——Once more, gentleman, have a care what you do, for you shall severely smart for any violence you offer me; and you, Mr. *Ballance*, I speak to you particularly, you shall heartily repent it.

Plume. Look'e, young spark, say but one word more, and I'll build a horse for you as high as the cieling, and make you ride the most tiresome journey that ever you made in your life.

Syl. You have made a fine speech, good captain *Huffcap*; but you had better be quiet, I shall find a way to cool your courage.

Plume. Pray, gentlemen, don't mind him, he's distracted.

Syl. 'Tis false——I am descended of as good a family as any in your county; my father is as good a man as any upon your bench, and I am heir to twelve hundred pound a year.

Bal. He's certainly mad——Pray, captain, read the articles of war.

Syl. Hold once more——Pray, Mr. *Ballance*, to you I speak, suppose I were your child, would you use me at this rate?

Bal. No, faith, were you mine, I would send you to *Bedlam* first, and into the army afterwards.

Syl. But consider my father, fir, he's as good, as generous, as brave, as just a man as ever served his country; I am his only child, perhaps the loss of me may break his heart,

Bal. He's a very great fool if it does. Captain, if you don't list him this minute, I'll leave the court.

Plume.

Plume. *Kite*, do you distribute the levy-money to the men while I read.

Kite. Ay, fir——Silence, gentlemen:

[*Plume reads the articles of war.*]

Bal. Very well; now, captain, let me beg the favour of you, not to discharge this fellow upon any account whatsoever. Bring in the rest.

Const. There are no more, an't please your worship.

Bal. No more! there were five two hours ago.

Syl. 'Tis true, fir; but this rogue of a constable let the rest escape for a bribe of eleven shillings a man, because, he said, the act allowed him but ten, so the odd shillings were clear gains.

All Just. How!

Syl. Gentlemen, he offered to let me go away for two guineas, but I had not so much about me; this is truth, and I'm ready to swear it.

Kite. And I'll swear it; give me the book, 'tis for the good of the service.

Mob. May it please your worship, I gave him half a crown to say that I was an honest man; but now, since that your worships have made me a rogue, I hope I shall have my money again.

Bal. 'Tis my opinion, that this constable be put into the captain's hands, and if his friends don't bring four good men for his ransom by to-morrow night——Captain, you shall carry him to *Flanders*.

Scal. *Scru.* Agreed, agreed!

Plume. Mr. *Kite*, take the constable into custody.

Kite. Ay, ay——Sir, [*To the Constable*] will you please to have your office taken from you? Or will you handsomely lay down your staff, as your betters have done before you? [*Constable drops his staff.*]

Bal. Come, gentlemen, there needs no great ceremony in adjourning this court.——Captain, you shall dine with me.

Kite. Come, Mr. Militia Serjeant, I shall silence you now, I believe, without your taking the law of me.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE,

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SCENE, *The Fields.*

Enter Brazen, leading in Lucy masked.

Braz. The boat is just below here.

Enter Worthy, with a case of pistols under his arm.

Wor. Here, sir, take your choice.

[Going between them, and offering them.]

Braz. What! pistols! are they charged, my dear?

Wor. With a brace of bullets each.

Braz. But I'm a foot officer, my dear, and never use pistols, the sword is my way—and I won't be put out of my road to please any man.

Wor. Nor I neither; so have at you.

[Cocks one pistol.]

Braz. Look'e, my dear, I don't care for pistols—Pray, oblige me, and let us have a bout at sharps; damn it, there's no parrying these bullets.

Wor. Sir, if you have not your belly full of these, the swords shall come in for second course.

Braz. Why then, fire and fury! I have eaten smoke from the mouth of a cannon, sir; don't think I fear powder, for I live upon't. Let me see, *[Takes one.]* And now, sir, how many paces distant shall we fire?

Wor. Fire you when you please, I'll reserve my shot till I am sure of you.

Braz. Come, where's your cloak?

Wor. Cloak! what d'ye mean?

Braz. To fight upon; I always fight upon a cloak; 'tis our way abroad.

Luc. Come, gentlemen, I'll end the strife.

[Unmasks.]

Wor. Lucy! take her.

Braz. The devil take me if I do———Huzza!

[Fires his pistol.] D'ye hear, d'ye hear, you plaguy barradan, how those bullets whistle; suppose they had been lodged in my gizzard now!

Luc. Pray, sir, pardon me.

Braz. I can't tell, child, till I know whether my money

' money be safe. [*Searching his pockets.*] Yes, yes, I do pardon you, but if I had you in the *Rose* tavern, *Covent-Garden*, with three or four hearty rakes, and three or four smart napkins, I would tell you another story, my dear. [*Exit.*]

Wor. And was *Melinda* privy to this?

Luc. No, sir, she wrote her name upon a piece of paper at the fortune-teller's last night, which I put in my pocket, and so writ above it to the captain.

Wor. And how came *Melinda's* journey put off?

Luc. At the town's end she met Mr. *Ballance's* steward, who told her, that Mrs. *Sylvia* was gone from her father's and nobody could tell whither.

Wor. *Sylvia* gone from her father's! this will be news to *Plume*. Go home, and tell your lady how near I was being shot for her. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Ballance and Steward.

Stew. We did not miss her till the evening, sir; and then searching for her in the chamber that was my young master's, we found her clothes there; but the suit that your son left in the press, when he went to *London*, was gone.

Bal. The white trimmed with silver?

Stew. The same.

Bal. You have not told that circumstance to any body.

Stew. To none but your worship.

Bal. And be sure you don't; go into the dining-room, and tell Captain *Plume* that I beg to speak with him.

Stew. I shall——

[*Exit.*]

Bal. Was ever man so imposed upon? I had her promise, indeed, that she would never dispose of herself without my consent. I have consented with a witness, given her away as my act and deed——

And this, I warrant, the captain thinks will pass; no, I shall never pardon him the villany, first of robbing me of my daughter, and then the mean opinion he must have of me, to think that I could be so wretchedly imposed upon; her extravagant passion might encourage

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age her in the attempt, but the contrivance must be his—
I'll know the truth presently.——

Enter Plume.

Pray, captain, what have you done with your young gentleman soldier?

Plume. He's at my quarters, I suppose, with the rest of my men.

Bal. Does he keep company with the common soldiers?

Plume. No, he's generally with me.

Bal. He lies with you, I presume.

Plume. No, 'faith I offered him part of my bed—but the young rogue fell in love with *Rose*, and has lain with her, I think, since she came to town.

Bal. So that between you both, *Rose* has been finely managed.

Plume. Upon my honour, sir, she had no harm from me.

Bal. All's safe, I find——Now, captain, you must know, that the young fellow's impudence in court was well grounded; he said I should heartily repent his being list'd, and so I do from my soul.

Plume. Ay! for what reason?

Bal. Because he is no less than what he said he was, born of as good a family as any in this country, and he is heir to twelve hundred pounds a year.

Plume. I am very glad to hear it—for I wanted but a man of that quality to make my company a perfect representative of the whole commons of *England*.

Bal. Won't you discharge him?

Plume. Not under an hundred pounds sterling.

Bal. You shall have it, for his father is my intimate friend.

Plume. Then you shall have him for nothing.

Bal. Nay, sir, you shall have your price.

Plume. Not a penny, sir; I value an obligation to you much above an hundred pounds.

Bal. Perhaps, sir, you shan't repent your generosity.—Will you please to write his discharge in my pocket—

pocket-book? [*Gives his book.*] In the mean time we'll send for the gentleman. Who waits there?

Enter a Servant,

Go to the captain's lodging, and enquire for Mr. Wilful, tell him his captain wants him here immediately,

Ser. Sir, the the gentleman's below at the door, enquiring for the captain.

Plume. Bid him come up—Here's the discharge, sir.

Bal. Sir, I thank you—"Tis plain he had no hand in it. [*Aside.*]

Enter Sylvia.

Syl. I think, captain, you might have used me better than to leave me yonder among your swearing drunken crew; and you, Mr. Justice, might have been so civil as to have invited me to dinner, for I have eaten with as good a man as your worship.

Plume. Sir, you must charge our want of respect upon our ignorance of your quality—but now you are at liberty—I have discharged you.

Syl. Discharged me!

Bal. Yes, sir, and you must once more go home to your farther.

Syl. My father! Then I am discovered—Oh, sir, [*Kneeling.*] I expect no pardon.

Bal. Pardon! No, no, child, your crime shall be your punishment; here, captain, I deliver her over to the conjugal power for her chastisement. Since she will be a wife, be you a husband, a very husband—when she tells you of her love, upbraid her with her folly; be modishly ungreatful, because she has been unfashionably kind, and use her worse than you would any body else, because you can't use her so well as she deserves.

Plume. And are you *Sylvia* in good earnest?

Syl. Earnest! I have gone too far to make it a jest, sir.

Plume. And do you give her to me in good earnest?

Bal. If you please to take her, sir.

Plume. Why then I have saved my legs and arms, and

and lost my liberty; secure from wounds, I am prepared for the gout; farewell subsistence, and welcome taxes——Sir, my liberty, and hopes of being a general, are much dearer to me than your twelve hundred pounds a year——But to your love, madam, I resign my freedom, and to your beauty my ambition——greater in obeying at your feet, than commanding at the head of an army.

Enter Worthy.

Wor. I am sorry to hear, Mr. Ballance, that your daughter is lost.

Bal. So am not I, sir, since an honest gentleman has found her.

Enter Melinda.

Mel. Pray, Mr. Ballance, what's become of my cousin Sylvia?

Bal. Your cousin Sylvia is talking yonder with your cousin Plume.

Mel. and Wor. How!

Syl. Do you think it strange, cousin, that a woman should change; but, I hope, you'll excuse a change that has proceeded from constancy; I altered my outside, because I was the same within; and only laid by the woman to make sure of my man; that's my history.

Mel. Your history is a little romantic, cousin; but since success has crowned your adventures, you will have the world on your side, and I shall be willing to go with the tide, provided you'll pardon an injury I offered you in the letter to your father.

Plume. That injury, madam, was done to me, and the reparation I expect shall be made to my friend; make Mr. Worthy happy, and I shall be satisfied.

Mel. A good example, sir, will go a great way—when my cousin is pleased to surrender, 'tis probable I sha'n't hold out much longer.

Enter Brazen.

Braz. Gentlemen, I am yours——Madam, I am not yours.

Mel. I am glad on't, sir.

Braz. So am I——You have got a pretty house here,

Mel. Laconic.

Bal.

Bal. 'Tis time to right all mistakes—my name, sir, is *Ballance*.

Braz. *Ballance!* Sir, I am your most obedient—I know your whole generation——had not you an uncle that was governor of the *Leeward* islands some years ago?

Bal. Did you know him?

Braz. Intimately, sir——He played at *Billiards* to a miracle——You had a brother too that was a captain of a fireship——poor *Dick*——he had the most engaging way with him—of making punch—and then his cabin was so neat——but his poor boy *Jack* was the most comical bastard——Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! a pickled dog, I shall never forget him.

Plume. Well, captain, are you fixed in your project yet? are you still for the privateer?

Braz. No, no, I had enough of a privateer just now; I had like to have been picked up by a cruiser under false colours, and a *French* pickaroon, for ought I know.

Plume. But have you got your recruits, my dear?

Braz. Not a stick, my dear.

Plume. Probably, I shall furnish you.

Enter Rose and Bullock.

Rose. Captain, captain, I have got loose once more, and have persuaded my sweet-heart *Cartwheel* to go with us; but you must promise not to part with me again.

Syl. I find, Mrs. *Rose* has not been pleased with her bedfellow.

Rose. Bedfellow! I don't know whether I had a bedfellow or not.

Syl. Don't be in a passion, child, I was as little pleased with your company as you could be with mine.

Bul. Pray, sir, do'na be offended at my sister, she's something under bred, but if you please, I'll lie with you in her stead.

Plume. I have promised, madam, to provide for this girl; now will you be pleased to let her wait upon you? or shall I take care of her?

Syl.

Syl. She shall be my charge, sir; you may find it business enough to take care of me.

Bull. Ay, and of me, captain; for wauns! if ever you lift your hand against me, I'll desert.——

Plume. Captain *Brazen* shall take care of that: my dear, instead of the twenty thousand pound you talked of, you shall have the twenty brave recruits that I have raised at the rate they cost me——My commission I lay down, to be taken up by some braver fellow, that has more merit, and less good fortune——whilst I endeavour, by the example of this worthy gentleman, to serve my king and country at home.

*With some regret I quit the active field,
Where glory full reward for life does yield;
But the recruiting trade, with all its train
Of endless plague, fatigue, and endless pain,
I gladly quit, with my fair spouse to stay,
And raise recruits the matrimonial way.*

[Exeunt.]

EPILOGUE.

ALL ladies and gentlemen that are willing to see the Comedy, called the *Recruiting-Officer*, let them repair to-morrow night, by six o'clock, to the sign of the *Theatre-Royal*, in *Drury-Lane*, and they shall be kindly entertained.

*We scorn the vulgar way to bid you come,
Whole Europe now obeys the call of drum.
The Soldier, not the Poet, here appears,
And beats up for a corps of volunteers:
He finds that music chiefly does delight ye,
And therefore chuses music to invite ye.*

Beat

EPILOGUE.

Beat the Grenadier March——Row, row, row,
Gentlemen, this piece of music, called, *An Overture to a Battle*, was composed by a famous *Italian* master, and was performed with wonderful success, at the great Operas of *Vigo*, *Schellenbergh* and *Blenheim*; it came off with the applause of all *Europe*, excepting *France*; the *French* found it a little too rough for their delicateſſe.

Some that have acted on thoſe glorious ſtages,
Are here to witneſs to ſucceeding ages,
That no muſic like the Grenadier's engages.

Ladies, we muſt own, that this muſic of ours is not altogether ſo ſoft as *Bononcini's*: yet we dare affirm, that it has laid more people aſleep than all the *Camilla's* in the world; and you'll condeſcend to own that it keeps one awake better than any opera that ever was acted.

The Grenadier March ſeems to be a compoſure excellently adapted to the *Genius* of the *Engliſh*, for no muſic was ever followed ſo far by us, nor with ſo much alacrity; and, with all deference to the preſent ſubſcription, we muſt ſay, that the Grenadier March has been ſubſcribed for by the whole grand alliance: and we preſume to inform the ladies, that it always has the pre-eminence abroad, and is conſtantly heard by the tall'eſt, handſomeſt mē in the whole army. In ſhort, to gratify the preſent taſte, our Author is now adapting ſome words to the Grenadier March, which he intends to have performed to-morrow, if the lady, who is to ſing it, ſhould not happen to be ſick.

This he concludes to be the ſureſt way
To draw you hither; for you'll all obey
Soft muſic's call, tho' you ſhould damn his Play.

F I N I S.



